JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1967

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WHY FEAR THE FUTURE? By The EDITOR

MY NAVAL BAPTISM OF FIRE By MAURICE FAGENCE

THE GAMBLER'S LAST THROW by A. G. G.

Is your Child *a problem at* Meal times?

CHILDREN sometimes fail to make headway through lack of appetite for everyday meals and thus cause their parents considerable anxiety. The problem, however, can usually be solved with the help of 'Vimaltol,' the concentrated vitamin food.

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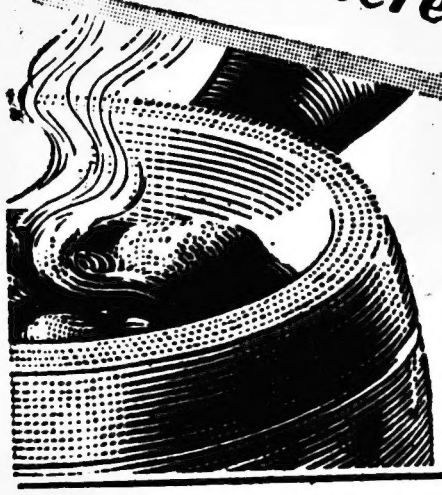

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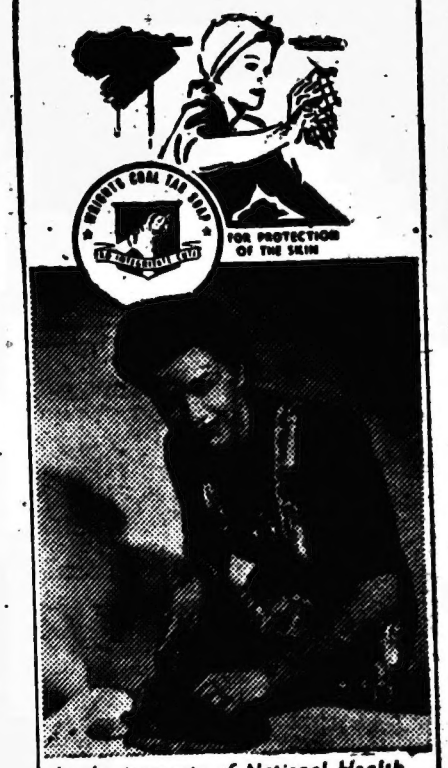

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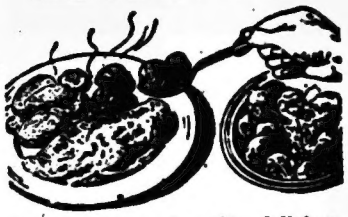
Meat-Savers!

Let eggs help out this week's meals



2½ minutes makes this delicious omelette! Allow 3 or 4 reconstituted eggs for two people. Season, beat well and cook quickly in smoking hot fat. Serve with potatoes and greens. Eggs are a protein food like meat, and dried eggs have the same food value as shell eggs.

Mix 1 dried egg (dry), 4 oz. flour, salt, ¼ pint mixed milk and water. Add sufficient liquid to make a stiff batter, beat well, then add rest of liquid. Use with sausages or meat left-overs. Cook about 30 minutes.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

A packet of 12 Dried Eggs costs only 1/3

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

Children have a special claim to Horlicks

—please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 26, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

TWO P's

● **Are the lives of our wounded troops to be sacrificed?**

The new drug, penicillin, can heal apparently fatal wounds like a charm. But the Government has given a virtual monopoly of its production to a few big firms.

And, in order to produce it, some of these firms are erecting large and permanent buildings.

As one M.P. protests, these buildings "are not complete and will not produce penicillin in time for the Second Front. They will be profitable assets for their owners or occupiers after the war. But the 'Died of Wounds' casualty lists will have been published by then."

Quite so. Yet it does not require special buildings for penicillin production. The mould from which the drug is extracted can be grown in glass flasks anywhere—in old barns, outhouses, ordinary houses.

So why did not the Government requisition a few more properties for this purpose as swiftly as it has commandeered a London theatre which has just started a Shakespeare season?

And what is happening to that other drug which was discovered last year—patulin, a possible cure for colds? Nothing has been heard of it for months.

We can only hope that its production is being hastened and that widespread tests of its uses are being made.

We hope. .

raight from the Shoulder

COMING SOON

HERE are big moves ahead. On all the battlefronts of this world war the shape of immense and imminent opera- can be traced.

xander's Chance

Italy, Alexander should soon have pportunity to take the offensive. will be a violent and bitter struggle en large armies.

e German strength is not less than 0 men. The Anglo-American s (according to the enemy) are even er.

ed and Daring

selring surprised the Allied com- lers by his daring. He inconveni- them by moving up heavily ured reinforcements at a startling ; his tanks seem to have covered than a hundred miles a day.

rman generals do not often take Kesselring took the terrific e of smashing at our southern ons while our bridgehead force have cut his lines of communica-

We'll See

whole army might have been cut t wasn't. But, on the other hand, n't smash our southern front. And anxious moments, the bridgehead een consolidated into a valuable

Alexander has his chance to make lost time and lost chances. He is laced for a crippling blow at the —and for daring new moves that prove far more effective than the at slaps at newspaper correspon-

Poland—

the same time, developments are Russia.

rther "deep penetration" is likely e Polish salient. Both the vast n flanks are caving in.

nd Rumania

he south the extinction of the Nazi rmy has brought our Allies their magnificent triumph since Stalin- And it foreshadows further rs for the enemy. Now the ns have finished mopping up re able to confront Manstein with erwhelming grouping that should him out of Russia and into nia.

Prospect

he north, the German future is bleak. The way to the Baltic is open to the Soviet troops; a foothold in Estonia has been firm.

in the farthest north, some of the German divisions in Finland are to be cut off.

he Way Out

and's arrangements to leave the ere will be eased by the recovery to health of her Premier, whereby the anti-Russian Deputy Premier can be politely ushered into a back seat.

Vital Port

The withdrawal of Finland may well lead to a Nazi retirement in Norway.

If the Russians obtained control of the port of Petsamo, in the north of Finland, an Allied offensive against Norway would be facilitated.

Already, it is reported, the Germans are preparing to put into operation their Plan X for partial or total evacuation from Norway.

On the Western Front, the possibilities are even greater.

Ready to Invade?

Von Rundstedt has obligingly informed us that we are now ready to invade the Continent, though we may doubt whether Eisenhower will accept the tacit invitation before he is quite ready to do so.

Von Rundstedt has also talked of his preparations to receive us; in this respect we should be foolish to doubt that they will be grimly formidable.

Parachute Assault?

It is possible to discern in his statement a real fear that Anglo-American parachute forces will attack him in the rear. And our preliminary air attacks on his frontal defences are an assurance that we shall not stick at half-measures when the invasion actually takes place.

Not least of the dangers to the Nazi defenders, maybe, is the Maginot Line complex which they seem to have acquired.

Double and Cut

From Washington comes a hint that the U.S.A.A.F. in the European zone is approaching the strength of the R.A.F. America, indeed, is now producing 9,000 'planes a month.

Our own production is, obviously, enough both for Air Marshal Harris's campaign against Germany and for the "Second Front."

That must be why some aircraft factories are losing their manpower priority and why some aircraft workers are being transferred to other jobs.

Super Fortress

Incidentally, the Super Flying Fortress may be seen in this country. Though designed for the coming air attack against Japan, its crews are likely to gain experience first in Britain, from which it could cover *every* part of Germany.

Odds On

Many of the U.S. heavy bomber crews here are taking wagers on how long it will be before they are moved to the Japanese front; before the end of the year is the most popular guess.

That seems reasonable. But even more so is the warning that Japan will not be beaten from the air alone!

Big Task

All our pooled strength in the air, on land and sea will be required to defeat the power of Japan.

Not only are her material resources great; her people are fanatically obedient to her war lords.

There is not the glimmer of a sign that German civilians are ready to "crack"; it is equally unlikely that the Japanese will succumb to nerves.

Outflanking

In Burma, for example, some of the fiercest fighting of the war is in progress. There, as elsewhere, the Japanese soldier is ruthless, resourceful, and willing to die rather than surrender.

On the Arakan front, British and West African troops are battling down river valleys in an outflanking movement that might bring a valuable opening for an offensive. Some setbacks have been reported, but the position is still bright with promise.

SOS to Tokio

Meanwhile, the Americans are increasing their hold on the Marshall Islands and have attacked the great sea base at Truk—the nearest yet to Japan itself. From New Guinea the Japanese have sent an appeal for "more aircraft, more food, and more ammunition."

Is It a Swindle?

But when all the fighting is done, the cry for "more food" will be none the less insistent.

Unless distribution is planned well in advance the war-shattered world will be faced by famine, by chaos that will make economic recovery impossible.

Hot Springs saw the beginning of essential planning. But the decisions of that conference which blue-printed post-war agriculture have not been ratified; unless they are carried out the conference will be "the biggest of all political swindles."

We Agree

Those are not JOHN BULL'S words, though JOHN BULL agrees with them. They have been said by Sir John Boyd Orr, the nutrition expert, than whom none is better qualified to speak.

Is the British Government listening?

Half-and-Half

Unfortunately, our leaders are timorous They dither. They hesitate to offend vested interests.

That is, obvious even in their programme for a national health service, which we review on page 5.

It is not a bad programme. It is indeed an offer of considerable reforms. But it is not so complete as the part of the Beveridge Scheme it seeks to improve.

It's Strange

Moreover, it is belated. The White Paper which sets forth its proposals has been held up on several occasions.

From which quarter has come the mysterious opposition to its obvious and much-needed suggestions?

There must be an end to this interference with progress. The proposals must be translated into law without delay—and without any further dilution.

Mining Muddle

We may wonder, too, why the Government is so reluctant to face the issues of the mining situation.

Tinkering with the wages system will hardly secure efficiency. The only remedy is a complete overhaul of the industry. And to shy at the mention of nationalisation will not enable the Government to forget a muddle for which it is largely responsible.

Land Sharks

Then there is the scandal of land speculation, about which the Government is also supine. Thus, the City of London still hesitates to publish its rebuilding plan for fear that the land sharks would take advantage of the lack of official control

One sip of Beveridge is not a cure-all. We have a right to demand decision on the other reforms recommended to the Government years ago.

(Continued overleaf)

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE work dodgers are still slipping through Mr. Bevin's net. Which is not good enough while everyone else is answering the Government's pre-invasion call for a final spurt.

To a great extent the fault lies with the Ministry of Labour officials.

Kept Her Promise

Sir Percival Bower, chairman of the Birmingham magistrates, told these Civil Servants so last week. "There are hundreds of men in this city who are dodging the column," he said. "Surely the Ministry has some policy. . . ."

And he described the case of a woman he knew who wrote to Mr. Bevin, told him she was not going to work, and did nothing for two and a half years.

Mothers' Helps

Apart from the dodgers, it looks as if the problem of domestic service is the next toughest of the many tough nuts the Ministry of Labour has to tackle.

It's more than a year since the Ministry of Health held out hopes of a corps of mothers' helps. In the meantime, the W.V.S. has been doing everything possible and medical officers have been pressing their local authorities.

Going Under

But all the time mothers are going down under the strain of trying, single-handed, to run a house and look after the babies.

No wonder so many of them ask why the Government provides additional rations, cod-liver oil and all the vitamins to build their strength and at the same time looks on while health is undermined by overwork and worry.

Don't Ignore It

The question of directing girls to housework isn't easy to settle. There's no occasion for a cheap attack on Mr. Bevin.

All we can ask is that the problem is not ignored because it's difficult—as so many vital issues are ignored by the people with the "Passed to you" mentality.

More Jam?

Another—smaller—domestic point. A great number of shops have large stocks of jam these days. And much of it is going "sugary." A colleague saw a lot actually going bad at a shop in South London the other day.

What about increasing the ration?

To-day's Price

To be within easier reach of their husbands when the ships come in, the wives of many sailors have tried to get rooms in Glasgow. They can do so—at an exorbitant price.

A so-called furnished room with three battered chairs, a rickety table and a bed costs 30s. to 40s. a week.

"Poor Risk"

That's bad enough. But it's worse to hear that landladies are turning down wives even at this price if they know the husbands are in the Merchant Navy.

One of our representatives called on a Glasgow landlady last week to find what it was all about. He was told: "We won't have Merchant Navy men's wives because we don't know when we're going to be left with a widow on our hands or where our money's coming from. It's too much of a risk."

Hypocrisy

For blatant meanness that takes a lot of beating. Once again JOHN BULL calls attention to the hypocritical way in which some sections of the public treat our merchant sailors.

Happily, in this connection, a story we told the other week has turned out on investigation to show not scorn but esteem for the men of the M.N.

Welcome Guests

It happened at an N.F.S. dance in Runcorn, Cheshire. Six boys of the Merchant Navy came in about the time an "elimination dance" was in progress. They were asked to leave the floor as part of the fun.

But someone misunderstood, and thought they'd been sent off because they were not properly dressed. Someone properly jealous of the Merchant Navy's good name. It wasn't so at all. In fact, the boys had not only been made very welcome, but they had been admitted at a reduced rate.

Caught Malaria

Now here's a tale of a pension—about Mr. N. Barwell, of Church Lane, Haslemere—but of interest and importance to thousands of others who have lost their health in the war.

Mr. Barwell was a ship's radio operator and early in the war he caught malaria when he was on the Calcutta route. In August, 1942, he was released after a second dose of malaria and after his doctor had told him not to go to sea again.

Shipwrecked

The Merchant Navy Reserve Pool doctor didn't agree with that, thought it was pampering him, and told him to get another ship. He did. Suffering from nervous debility he set off on a five-months' voyage, was shipwrecked and was picked up after fifteen hours on a raft in the North Sea.

Last July Mr. Barwell asked his union about the chances of a pension.

Offered Little Hope

They weren't at all hopeful. Anyone might get malaria, they said. The shipping company maintained that what they called Barwell's "immersion" was nothing to do with them, and they, too, pointed out that malaria could not be ascribed to the stress and strain of war conditions.

The Ministry of Pensions said the same thing in rather more long-winded language.

Then—Success

Last November JOHN BULL took up the case. Knowing the ways of the M.O.P. we did so without a great deal of hope.

Three weeks ago Mr. Barwell wrote to say he had been given a pension of £42 a year—as from last July

For once the authorities have mixed equity with the rules. In other words, it seems that they've behaved with some common-sense.

Not Wanted

Desoutter Brothers, Ltd., the engineers, were fined £10 last week for failing to obey a National Service officer's direction to reinstate one of their workmen, Victor George Jackson.

A director of the firm at the time of the offence was fined £5. The point of this now famous case was that Jackson was a trade unionist and that the firm made up their minds they did not want him.

"Fair For One . . ."

Well, if a man can be sent to prison for being late or failing to accept a job, employers should certainly be made to pay up for refusing to provide work when it's available.

Carried On

A nice little story of the good feeling in a Scottish war factory has just been told. Two years ago, after 45 years' service with the firm, a man was due to retire.

Instead he decided to carry on, and not long ago he hit on an idea to increase the output of an explosive. He told the boss all about it.

Good Example

Slight alterations were made in the plant and production went up. The workman was not forgotten. They gave him 120 savings certificates. Even more important, they showed him that he was not just a servant. How many more workers would react to that sort of treatment!

After the Fire

Some weeks ago a garage in Kent was burnt out. The owner, a trader of 25 years' standing, was the only authorised petrol dealer in the place.

Now he's been refused permission to put up a makeshift workshop immediately. He's been told that plans will have to be got out and professional advice obtained.

Better Than None

Instead of being able to get on with the important job of servicing tractors this man is idle. Moreover, it looks as if his petrol licence will go elsewhere because someone in the place will have to supply local needs.

Surely a garage (even if it's only a shed) is better than none in these days?

In Disguise

A woman out shopping in the West End, picked up a bottle from a street stall. It looked uncommonly like nail varnish, which it is now illegal to... But its label proclaimed that it was... preparation for stopping ladders in stockings.

The salesman came up. "What do you think it is?" he asked. "If I had a proper label on I could not sell..."

Lots in Stock

If the chemicals needed to make varnish are as important to our production as we're told, this... of Black Market should be put down ruthlessly.

What, on the other hand, are we to do with the reputable hairdressers' beauty shops where they have big stocks of nail varnish—in some cases enough for a year or two? Under the restrictions they are not allowed to sell it, they are not allowed to use it, but customers are being manicured.

Do Your Bit

Air raid wardens have recently been spending much of their spare time inspecting civilian gas masks throughout the country.

In far too many cases they found masks did not fit or were in need of repair. One warden tells us that he advised half a dozen people to take their masks to the depôt for exchange. Not one took the trouble.

The wardens are doing their duty—do not let them down.

Bravo, Mrs. Hatton!

Do you remember Mrs. Hatton, of Lochnell Street, La...hgilphead, Argyll? She was the housewife who wanted to earn a few shillings extra by baking scones for her neighbours. She was the Serviceman's wife who was refused a Ministry of Food permit on the ground that there would be unnecessary competition.

JOHN BULL protested about it at the time. Mrs. Hatton has now got her permit.

★ NICE WORK, MISS!

The W.A.A.F.s have probably done more for the war than any of the women's services. Not only have they been first-rate in the domestic and clerking jobs in the R.A.F. but, from very early days, they've stood out in the intricate work of the operations room.

Now W.A.A.F. other ranks are getting their reward. They are to get the chance to go overseas. For the last two years they have not thought it very fair that girls in the A.T.S. and the W.R.N.S. could go abroad while they couldn't. Now the first batch of volunteers have got their posts. Good.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Hungarian and Bulgarian observers have been busy in Stockholm watching negotiations between Finland and Russia. Similar moves by these two Axis satellites are being prepared.**

● *Number of British troops fighting with European guerillas inside Hitler's Fortress of Europe would cause sensation if actual figures were revealed. Experts on revolt are among them.*

● Quisling of Norway is reported to have suffered another breakdown after interviews with Nazi military and Gestapo authorities. His replacement by Jonas Lie, his propaganda minister, is foreshadowed.

● **Cardinal Schuster of Milan has been threatened with deportation to Germany. Nazis and Republican Fascists allege that he is inciting Italian people against the Axis.**

● *Great haul of loot of Italian art treasures has been wrested from Germans by ingenious coup. Details will soon be out.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

WHY FEAR THE FUTURE?

MOST of us are looking forward to better times and a happier way of living when the war ends. And there is good reason to do so.

But there are some prophets of poverty who ink the Old Country is "on the way out" as industrial Power.

Dr. Inge, former Dean of St. Paul's, is but latest of our Jeremiahs. Seen through his omy and aged eyes, Britain's future is black.

Gone, he believes, are our days of wealth and lustrial greatness. He expects our population shrink to half its present size and to earn most its humble living from the land!

And in "Big Business" circles the voice many croakers has been uplifted in a dole- ul tune which, whether they realise it or not, as "made in Germany."

For Dr. Goebbels and his propagandists nd much of their time nowadays trying to per- de the world that, whether the Allies win the or not, Great Britain is "finished."

Well, we back Great Britain to prove hem wrong, not half a century hence, but ithin the next ten years.

Many Americans admit that, since we stood ne against the enemies of civilisation, we have ght them a lot about production.

We organised our man-power as it had never n organised before. Though the United tes has also made giant strides, British output head of the population is still the highest he world.

Given proper direction, therefore, we shall able to remould the future more nearly to our rt's desire.

Everything depends upon the provisions we e now for the needs of peace.

That is why we continually urge the Govern- t to speed up its plans for post-war develop- t and—no less important—for the better dis- ution of goods.

That is the reason for our insistence upon country's co-operation with its friends and hbours.

For there can be no permanent happi- ss and security for any people on earth til the Family of Free Nations gets together d extends help to its poorest members.

As Mr. Cordell Hull has told his fellow ricans: "We should not strive to get one d agreements at the expense of the othe ntry." That goes for Britain, too!

Some two months ago Lord Woolton, Minister econstruction, seemed to be siding with the miahs. He, too, hinted that this country d be much poorer after the war.

We are therefore the more ready to welcome speech in the House of Lords last week—a ch which places him definitely among the mists.

He foresees a troublesome, but brief, period ransition from war to peace, followed by a period during which both prices and con- ption will have to be scientifically controlled.

And, finally, he envisages a return to normal litions—a return which can be so arranged managed as to ensure steady and full em- ment for the whole community.

Good! We agree with him heartily so far. e cannot share his confidence that Govern- planning is sufficiently definite and far- g to meet our needs.

ndeed, before JOHN BULL can be satisfied even the Government's good intentions we must nvinced that it has laid the foundations for using the people, for reorganising the trans- services, for setting up a system of true "social security," for putting British agriculture securely on its own feet, and for adapting all our natural and industrial resources to the new requirements they will have to satisfy.

In other words, we are still impatiently awaiting a clear-cut statement of the Government's domestic policy which will inform us not only what our leaders hope to do, but how they propose to do it.

Even if that policy were bolder than we have any present cause to hope—even if Mr. Churchill means strictly to fulfil his pledge of work and homes and food for all—we cannot expect to build a new world all by ourselves.

Nor need we try to do so. Mr. Richard Law, speaking as a Member of the Government to the American Chambers of Commerce in London, has just supplied a grand echo to the noble words of Henry Wallace, the American, who bids the world hope to enter "the century of the common man."

Mr. Law said, what we have insisted over and over again, that no country can secure full employment and a high standard of living unless other countries have them, too.

We may look naturally to a special partnership of the English-speaking world with Russia and with China, but permanent prosperity can only be based upon "a world-wide political and economic system of security."

Our Jeremiahs, many of them having a personal axe to grind, warn us that we are too well off; that the worker expects too much pay for his work, and that, if we insist upon maintaining our high standard of living, we shall ultimately be frozen out of the world's markets.

A false and pernicious doctrine!

"The common man" has no wish to return to the old days of unrestricted competition. He is no longer prepared to measure his country's wealth by the private fortunes of rich men and the immense holdings of industrial combines.

He means to defend his own standard of living by raising the standard of "the backward peoples."

After the war the world as a whole will be geared to such tremendous productive machinery as could without difficulty supply the needs of all its inhabitants.

It will be possible, if we choose, to abolish want in the midst of plenty. The post-war future need hold no terrors for us. It is inexhaustibly rich in opportunity.

AND the bounties of the earth will be sufficient for all its creatures if they are content to divide them fairly.

Much can be done by ourselves to safeguard our own national interests in the immediate post-war period, for Britain is no back number and the British Commonwealth of Nations has assets which no other country or group of countries can rival.

But the key to world prosperity—the only hope of durable peace—lies in international action. Such decisions as those taken at the Hot Springs Conference should be implemented as soon as possible.

And, even so, they should only be regarded as the prelude to the great adventure of concerted action by all the Free Peoples to observe the spirit of the Atlantic Charter and to treat their neighbours as they would themselves be treated.

On the Road to Beveridge

LAST week a statement appeared which read rather like a rehash of a few score old JOHN BULL articles.

It said good health depended too much on ability to pay for it. That even if you are lucky enough to have a regular doctor it didn't guarantee you the other medical help you might urgently require.

That with the families and dependants of insured workers denied medical treatment, something like half the population have to scrape round for aid when sickness hits them.

On the subject of hospitals, it spoke of people denied the medical and other treatment they required.

Of hospitals turning people away when they might have known there were beds and suitable treatment waiting somewhere near at hand.

Of the sickening waits in queues of ailing people, which an appointment system could obviate, and of people robbed of suitable treatment because the hospital and specialist services have grown up without a national or even an area plan.

* * * *

And it finished up by picturing people robbed of personal happiness and efficiency because of sub-normal health resulting from the lack of a State Health Service.

It wasn't put quite as forcibly as we have put it in the past in articles which have never wrung a word of admission from our Ministry of Health. And it lacked the damning examples with which it has been our custom to illustrate our case.

But that is perhaps understandable, because the author of this attack is the Ministry of Health itself.

But never mind we are happy to feel that the Ministry admits at last that our so-called medical system is as chaotic, archaic and class-distinguishing as we have always shown it to be.

* *

And we are happier to know that it has at last accepted most of the remedies urged by Sir William Beveridge in his famous Social Security plan to bring this shocking state of affairs to an end.

For the Ministry's revelations appear, indeed, as a foreword to the White Paper in which it announces its new scheme for a healthier Britain. ("A National Health Service." H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. net.)

We welcome this plan. It must not be whittled down. Rather must it be made more ambitious here and there.

Free choice of a family doctor without fee—excellent.

Free drugs, medicines and everything except the more expensive appliances—excellent again. But many of these expensive appliances need not be expensive, are often sold at five times the cost of manufacture—a point which must be borne in mind.

Complete and improved hospital service for every area. No longer will a whole population have to depend for everything on a little, ill-equipped cottage hospital.

Full specialist and consultant services—biggest blow of all, this, at the privilege of money.

National responsibility for the nation's eyes and teeth. Too long have we lagged behind other countries in the care of both—teeth in particular.

And then the promised additions to our present health machinery.

More and better laboratories. Health Centres with consulting, reception, waiting and rest rooms to *organise* good health in every district.

A Home Nursing Service, too long the monopoly of the well-to-do.

And a department to ensure nation-wide distribution of the best brains and the best appliances, with power to prevent doctors concentrating where the best money or amenities are to be found, and to send them where they are needed.

* * *

There will be the usual scream about the cost—£148,000,000 a year, or rather more than double the old bill.

But sickness costs this country incomputable scores of millions of pounds every year.

Good health is actually an economy. More, it is a gilt-edged investment for the nation as a whole. What a pity it has taken us so long to find it out!

Rt. Hon. Lord PORTAL,
Minister of Works and Planning

DEAR LORD PORTAL,—Years ago, when the Russia we know and admire to-day was going through the pangs of a social revolution without parallel in history, it was fashionable in this country to decry and belittle the achievements of the Soviets.

Russia, now carrying a war burden even more grievous than ours, her man-power flung against Hitler in scores of millions, her ravaged territories still smouldering under the fiery trail of the Nazi, yet gives a lead to the world in the task of reconstruction.

While the Red Army smashes westward through Poland and towards Rumania, and the main weight of Soviet production is directed towards smashing Hitler's armies in the East, Stalin reveals that in four months nearly 330,000 houses have been erected on the sites of ruined towns and villages.

That means that two million people have been rehoused in 16 weeks. And that is not all. During that period 25 factories were built to produce building materials. One hundred and twenty-two railway stations were rebuilt.

Lord Portal should look at Stalingrad

That is only a beginning, according to messages from Moscow. *This year* the Soviet is earmarking nearly £2,000,000,000 for economic rehabilitation in liberated districts.

I know we cannot hope to translate plans into action with this astonishing speed. We have too many difficulties—man-power, materials and other shortages.

But the Russian model should give us inspiration.

It should encourage us to translate all the fine plans you recently outlined into actual houses much sooner than now seems possible.

We must be ready with all our blueprints. We should ensure that, directly the factories concerned can be switched from war production and the necessary materials are available, an immediate start is made with the mass-production of prefabricated houses.

There is no reason why these temporary dwellings should not be both habitable and attractively designed, so that they will fully suit the needs of the people while more durable houses are being built.

Let this be done, and a great service will be performed for Britain. I think you're the man to do it.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir LESLIE SCOTT,
Lord Justice of Appeal

DEAR SIR LESLIE,—In times like these, when the nation has so willingly sacrificed many personal liberties and submits without complaint to irksome restrictions, it is doubly important that unofficial and unwarranted encroachment on the liberty of the subject should not be tolerated.

For that reason I must congratulate you on the sharp warning you uttered in a recent appeal to the police on the premature taking of finger-prints.

"Such treatment," you declared, "is inconsistent with our British presumption of innocence until proof of guilt, and it is natural for it to be regarded as a slur on a man's character."

I am glad you did not let the police "get away with it." Too many people forget that our Justices of the High Court and our Lords Justices are more than men sitting in judgment.

They are also guardians against injustice. They are safeguards against petty tyranny on the part of police or public bodies. They are as jealous of the fundamental rights of the man in the street as they are of their own right to maintain those rights.

To-day more than ever we must resist with all our strength any attempt to whittle from us one iota of our rights and liberties beyond what has been already sacrificed in the nation's interest.—JOHN BULL.

Lord HOLLENDEN,
President, Wholesale Textile Association

MY LORD,—The Battle of Control has been joined before the issue has arisen. Famous industrialists warn the country that State control must go.

Eminent social reformers plead that rigid measures of control are necessary for the nation's well-being.

You elect to support the golden mean. "It will be disastrous," you say, "if controls are suddenly removed at the end of the war. The effect will be a return to 'jungle warfare.'"

That's just what some of the industrial tigers would like—a chance to maul their less powerful competitors while the workers and consumers paid for the "all-in" battle.

Your advocacy of expansive instead of restricted control will not please the lords of industrial creation. But I think you'll survive their displeasure.—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR, M.P.,
Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks.

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—Walking down a street in Plymouth, you bought what you describe as "nearly £2 worth of the filthiest books" you have seen for a long time. All, you say, were printed in the last six months.

It is your intention to show those books to fellow M.P.s and to try to gain their support in an effort to prevent such books being printed.

You can certainly count on my support. I know the difficulties of the publishing trade, and it seems appalling that paper should be wasted on pornographic publications when it is badly needed for educational text-books.

The filthy trash pouring out of some publishing houses disgusts the reputable publishers as much as it angers you.

But that is a side issue. The evil is primarily one for the police to combat, and they will tell you the difficulties of securing prosecutions.

We are waging this war to preserve, among other things, decency. Well, indecency in books begins in the shady publishing houses. And those are the places where the filth that pollutes the written word should be stamped out.

May your campaign bear fruit.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK PARFETT,
President, Society of Engineers

DEAR SIR,—While it is true, as [illegible] state, that the crisis of 1939 [illegible] Britain with an insufficient numbe[illegible] trained designers, toolmakers, [illegible] mechanics, and production engine[illegible] is also true that because we were "tooled up" for war the products of armaments factories *to-day* exc[illegible] quality and quantity those of our en[illegible]

But the lesson we learned was [illegible] pleasant one. Only the few of the [illegible] prevented that lesson becoming [illegible] humiliation and misery.

In stressing that Britain should forget that lesson, you point out engineering mass production is greatest wonder of our time, and "it can become the greatest facto[illegible] the social betterment of man."

Your Society must play its pa[illegible] keeping the engineering product[illegible] Britain on the world map.

You have been given a lead in White Paper on education. Happily say that State interest in tech[illegible] education should be exploited to th[illegible]

Our 'planes, our tanks, our gun[illegible] "secret weapons," are evidence o[illegible] inventiveness and craftsmanship [illegible] great engineering industry.

Our post-war products must [illegible] ahead of world design and world w[illegible] ness.

And the young men who will buil[illegible] plan those products should be [illegible] every opportunity to develop their [illegible]—JOHN BULL.

Miss JANE B. DREW,
Adviser to the Gas Industry

DEAR MISS DREW,—The average [illegible] wife, you discover, travels about [illegible] miles during her ordinary day [illegible] kitchen and takes 300 steps when [illegible] a cake.

A planned kitchen, say the ex[illegible] would result in those steps being [illegible] under fifty.

When I showed these figures to "J. B." she laughed. She told me she walked two miles and waited minutes in a queue to get a cake. she added that the experts have talking for years about planned kit[illegible]

What we need, said Mrs. "J. B." fewer planners and more builders, a lead from the Government to that no house could be built unl[illegible] kitchen conformed to a set stand[illegible] efficiency.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—A mere man asks what of cake takes 300 steps to make?

Love Upon the Waters

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

AS I anticipated when I wrote recently about "the cruellest mother"—she had sent her son aged four and a half to a boarding-school—I received many letters condemning the mother as a selfish, heartless woman.

In my postbag was a letter within a letter. It was in a cheap envelope. The flap had been secured with strips of gummed paper, and across the strips was written: "Not to be opened until you receive first airgraph from abroad."

The letter, addressed "To the best parents a son could ever have," was already opened. The first airgraph had reached the parents' home in Peckham. And they read with pride what follows:

"Now my turn has arrived to contribute my share (to smashing Hitler), which, minute as it is, I will carry out without any regrets and to the best of my ability.

"In doing so I am about to embark on a new phase of my life which will carry me through unknown dangers on foreign soil and from which I may never return.

"Be it so that it is the Almighty's wish that I do return, yet, before leaving dear old England, I should like to express my deepest appreciation for everything both you dear parents have done for me so unselfishly without a grumble or a grouse.

"And you, dear mother, you have been the whole light in my life, having guided me through my ups and downs, forfeiting all the pleasures you so richly deserve, and unceasingly toiling at your time of life when you should be taking things easily.

"You have been all that a mother could possibly be. . . .

"Nothing would make me happier than to see you and dad at ease, happy and contented, and all the things you wish come true. Should anything happen to me, everything I have, including the money in my account at Barclays Bank, is for your disposal as you wish. . . .

"God bless you all, guard and protect you from all trouble, sorrow and hurt, and may He cause His countenance to shine on you for ever."—Your ever-loving, ever-devoted son, Lou."

Lou is an aircraftman in the R.A.F. The spirit of his letter is lovely. It breathes that gratitude and love which are the breath of life to parents who have sacrificed ease and comfort for the well-being of their children.

Out of the dangers and perils of war comes a clarifying of the spirit.

Lou is not alone in his new-found appreciation. Most of the boys, when they come home, will value more than ever before the worth of parents who reared them, cared for them, guided them, and loved them.

Such, in disguise, is one blessing of a hateful, tragic and macabre war.

Out With the Navy—5

Hats off to the men who sail old ships like the valiant "Campbell"

My Naval Baptism of Fire

By MAURICE FAGENCE

I KNEW something was going to happen when the twenty big-booted sailors came clumping into our wardroom, as a ship's diminutive officers' mess is called.

They switched off our fire, replaced our electric light bulbs with others fished out from a drawer.

We had to stub out our cigarettes. They examined every one.

They swept our table away—the table on which hot suppers were already waiting for frozen officers due to come down from the bridge at any moment.

Not that it mattered, for our stewards were stewards no longer. They held fuse-keys in their hands, and fuse-keys are things you use to prepare shells for the guns.

Prelude to Action

And then in a tornado of energy they opened up our floor to reveal to my gaping eyes that for three days and nights I had been travelling on top of the ship's magazine!

I peeped into the crater. Big shells, smaller shells, teeny-weeny shells fading away into the gloom my eyes couldn't pierce. Cordite in linen bags. Cordite in bulk-package. Star-shells—and mountains of other gun-food which I can't even mention.

And then the men assembled themselves into an endless chain to the door, and from the door up a steel ladder to the guns above us.

Now shells began to appear over the edge of the crater. Our stewards were among the men who fell on them with their fuse-keys to wrench their fuses round from the safety position.

And shells, cordite charges and other ammunition began to pour in a stream to the decks above.

I found myself playing with an odd thought. Trafalgar, Jutland, and the other big naval battles of history—did they all begin with the quiet turning-down of lights, interference with a meal, or something equally as domestic?

An officer's servant appeared—dressed for the deck. He carried a lump of wood.

I followed him, breaking the ammunition-chain for a moment. It was pitch-black on deck. And some degrees below freezing.

We passed a big gun. I sensed rather than saw that it was fully manned. The crew was waiting, waiting. . . .

Where there had been open deck I had to dive under a succession of torpedo-tubes which had been turned over the sides. And more men were waiting.

The man with the chunk of wood stopped ahead of me, rested his gauntletted hands on a vast iron plate, and began to gaze fixedly at the smoke-stack that loomed over him like a shadow.

For two hours he was going to gaze like that.

Sometimes he was going to see sparks coming from that funnel—and sparks can be tell-tale things.

He was going to beat that iron-plate whenever he did. And the sweating stokers below, hearing the din, were going to make whatever adjustments are necessary to give the ship sparkless running for a few minutes.

Bursting Star-Shells

I climbed three successive vertical ladders to reach the bridge. Imagine yourself with me.

This shadowy shape round us is H.M.S. *Campbell*, destroyer.

She is a "hard" ship.

She is hard not because it is the wish of any one officer that she should be so, but because she is more than twenty-five years old, and it takes a special brand of guts to make a veteran fight like a youngster.

On our right, under ugly black cloud that might be a parable, is Occupied France.

On our left, under a starry sky that might be a portent, is Britain.

And our immediate job (just one of many on this trip) is to help see a convoy through the Straits of Dover.

Somewhere near, is the convoy—and other ships of the escort.

Anything else? Well, watch the captain.

He has the front of the bridge to himself, for his bridge officers have fallen back a few paces.

He is looking everywhere in turn, but mainly he is looking into a sector which is known to sailormen as the starboard quarter.

Look-out reports pour in on him from every part of the ship.

Some seem to affect him not at all. Others set him rapping out orders to engine-room, guns, or that busy second-fiddle of his, the first lieutenant, who seems to hold every man in the ship on the end of a taut string.

And those other orders mainly concern the starboard quarter.

So I look towards the starboard quarter, feel a touch on my hand, see in that blackness an officer near is handing me something, and hear his voice: "Wadding . . . stuff it in your ears . . . save you from being deafened."

And then, almost immediately, things began to happen in the blackness.

Four, six miles away—it is my own guess—a star-shell bursts in the sky, and its spluttering, melting ball of orange fire begins to descend at the end of a parachute. Then two more burst simultaneously. Then one.

And soon a whole pattern of them is slowly falling towards the sea.

Now patterns of that kind can mean anything.

They can mean that a force of enemy E-boats—40-knot German hit-and-run craft—is searching for our convoy.

They can mean that our whereabouts is thoroughly well known to the enemy, and that he has split his force into two with the intention of getting the armed escort to pursue one part while the other falls on the undefended convoy.

One man has to read the enemy's mind. That man who paces the bridge.

I must not describe our manœuvres in detail.

This particular issue of JOHN BULL would be very eagerly welcomed in German naval circles if I did, for it is useful to know your rival's methods.

Guns Crash Out

Once our captain rattles out an order to fire, and almost immediately cancels it with "Check, check, check, check," repeated a dozen times at least.

Then another pattern of star-shells bursts in the sky, nearer, and—unless I am being deceived by the movements of our ship—over a different part of the ocean.

After which a single star-shell bursts right ahead, and in the same second the moon floods through cloud and lights up a brilliant path of silver from our bows to that newest ball of orange light.

How *Campbell* twists and turns in an effort to manœuvre that Something into the silver track that goes to the moon.

I am thrown to one side and meet hard steel—to the other and meet the well-padded back of a look-out.

It is just as if the captain has decided to capsize us in a starboard roll only to change his mind in favour of capsizing us to port.

My mouth begins to taste as if a handful of crushed sulphur has been forced into it. I mention it to a shadowy figure near.

"It's the stuff from the funnel," he shouts back. "It gets flung into your face in these sharp turns at high speed. But it isn't smoke. No, sir. *Campbell's* stokers know better than to make smoke."

I detect a note of injured pride—for the voice is that of the engineer officer.

And then: "LOOK"!

I am in the act of looking when our guns crash out.

There it is before us, bang in that silvery track of the moon, a slim, sleek little ship flashing along in a cauldron of its own foam.

And in a second it is out of the light again.

We throw star-shells towards it.

We swing about to get it back again in the light of the moon.

Our guns speak and keep on speaking until I taste picric instead of sulphur.

But what is this? *It* has flung out a smoke-screen.

Somewhere behind the belt of black wadding which seems to surge up from the sea is that thin pencil of ship.

Our guns continue to thunder. We pelt along at thirty knots, like a ship in her first year of life instead of a veteran of twenty-five years—and many scraps.

Admirals All

Then we settle down into our regular rhythm.

And the convoy steams on.

I clamber down to the engine-room and, standing before one of the boilers, recall the events of the day.

This afternoon we burst a tube in that boiler, and without that put right *Campbell* was no fighting ship.

I saw the oil jets turned out, the boiling water pumped away. And when the inside of that boiler was still hotter than the hottest tropical day ever recorded I saw the engineer officer crawl into it to seal off the burst tube.

After that I went up to the ward-room to learn that the chief engineer of one of our merchantmen had had a stroke, and that our ship's doctor was to go out to attend to him.

He didn't go, as it happened. It was found that the doctor of one of the other escort ships could get there first.

So big a day for a mere spectator—so small for *Campbell*.

I must tell you more about H.M.S. *Campbell*. I am proud to have sailed in her.

Her first ten commanders all became admirals—one of them Admiral of the Fleet Sir J. C. Tovey, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.

And others of the men who have "conned" her will be admirals one day.

She can still do her 6,000 miles a month like a young colt—and on duties as mixed and varied as those of any other ship afloat.

She has an extraordinary capacity for solving her own problems.

For instance, she wanted her condenser retubed. It is normally a long dockyard job.

It should be impossible to do it with the kit normally carried by a destroyer, but *Campbell* did it.

She has bombarded enemy coasts and has fought E-boat actions.

Game for Anything

She has saved merchantmen and heard the clink of prize-money. And saved merchant sailors from the sea and been even happier to get their simple "Thanks, pal."

She has rescued bomber crews, boat-loads of refugees rowing for Britain and freedom, and even poor half-drowned carrier-pigeons.

On February 12, 1942, she pounded her old engines into maximum revs. in an effort to stop *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prince Eugen* from stealing from French ports to Germany.

She steamed up to within two miles to fire her torpedoes—and failed. But it was old age against three young striplings, and she did try hard.

Take off your hats to the men who sail and fight the old ships like *Campbell*, which the Royal Navy can't afford to let go to the breakers.

Rescue At Thirty Below Zero

It takes skill and courage to land a plane mid snow and ice

By Michael Cloud

ONLY a few weeks ago a big four-motor transport was flying north over frozen Canada. The radio operator, wriggling his aching toes, tried in vain to establish contact with humanity.

But the S O S messages were lost in a dumb white silence where man had never marked the snows since the world began.

The motors roared steadily, but the pilot knew he had to try to put down that 20-ton five-mile-a-minute monster, built to operate on deep concrete runways, among the soft drift snow. It was asking for a ground-loop, a killing blaze from smashed motors, broken bones . . . but he dared not tell his crew to bale out there.

In those icy solitudes men alone would not live long.

As the great wheels hit, the snow exploded like a white bomb.

The crew picked themselves up from the corners where they had been flung, and climbed out into a whistling sleet. The skipper took stock of the position.

After Five Days

Every man had a sleeping-bag. There were two pairs of snow-shoes. There was food which, if rationed to a couple of mouthfuls a day, might last a week.

Canvas wing-covers were got out and rigged up as a sort of amateur windbreak.

The cold was terrible. They could not lie for more than a few minutes without getting up, stamping, squirming, beating icy arms over freezing chests. They huddled together and seemed colder than ever.

The weather got steadily worse. The red sun crawled round the horizon for a few hours and then came pitch blackness again.

So it went on for six days.

The radio operator worked his set constantly, but the world seemed dead. Vast snowdrifts humped in round them, seemed to draw closer with uncanny avidity in the nights.

By this time the search parties were out, flying thousands of miles, combing the great white snowfields for a tiny black speck. But they had no bearings, no clue.

On the sixth day Captain Fred Lord, a veteran pilot of North-East Airlines, was flying through the snowstorm when his radio operator, Phillip Sewell, said: "Something here, chief. Faint signals from somewhere. Can't make anything of them."

"Get a bearing and we'll see," Lord said.

Lord began to call into his microphone, his voice crossing hundreds of miles of Arctic sky to where four other big search aircraft were hunting the wastes.

Lord himself was first to spot the grounded transport.

He knew what a state those men must be in. He was ready to risk his and his crew's lives to help them. Again, Providence was with the rescuers.

The machine ploughed into the snow—and stopped, right side up.

The men on the snow were in a bad way. But Lord's machine had hot food, blankets, petrol. Moreover, the other four searchers came up, circled like vast birds, and dropped supplies before they headed south again.

The weather thickened before dusk, and anyway a runway would have to be packed with beaten snow before there could be any chance to take-off.

That night the temperature gauge *inside* Lord's 'plane registered 20 below zero; but that was the lowest it could go, and the cold was obviously much greater.

"The wind sounds like a fire-siren blowing nonstop," wrote Sewell in his diary.

On the third day after Lord landed the storm was still getting worse. They had been unable to do any work on the runway. Temperature was estimated at *more than 50 degrees below zero.*

Volunteers worked for a few minutes at a time rebuilding snow windbreak walls and piling floor-boards and oddments up to make a shelter to protect the 'planes.

Every day rescue 'planes flew over and dropped useful gear.

On the sixth day after Lord landed, a machine dropped medical equipment that was badly needed, two tents and a pot-bellied iron stove.

No Ordinary Job

On the next day a petrol-powered battery-charger enabled Sewell to get a radio working from the ground.

Ice bubbled out of the batteries while they were being charged. Sewell swore, and took a big risk. He ordered the use of blowlamps, but in that frightful cold even they cooled off. They heated petrol!

The gale went on rising in fury. None of these men, most of them experienced airline operators of the far nothern latitudes, had ever known or dreamed of anything like it.

On the ninth day after Lord landed all their eyelids were frozen down when they woke, and for some time they could not open their eyes.

Next day the gale dropped. A ski 'plane flew out to them, but broke away the cables that held one ski as it landed. Immediately it was down the wind began to rise again, and it could not get away for two days. Then it took off, but was forced to return after a few miles on account of the weather.

Many of the fugitives were now badly frostbitten.

On the thirteenth day after Lord landed, nineteen days after the original landing, the ski 'plane took off with sick men as passengers.

They had bacon and powdered eggs for breakfast that morning! The weather was intensely cold but clear; hope began to rise. After breakfast and prayers every able-bodied man turned out to work on the runway.

They had to make two parallel tracks, each 10 ft. wide, for a distance of about 1,300 ft. No navvying job in normal latitudes ever equalled the work those men had to do, in a temperature more than 30 degrees below zero.

Safely Airborne

That day, too, fires were lighted and the motors of the two aircraft were heated for three hours. Then, and not until then, efforts were made to start them up.

Men stood breathless, waiting. Suddenly a terrific roar broke the silence as the first motor jumped into life. Then another and another.

Drowned by the roaring, the men yelled a ragged cheer.

Next morning the runways were finished; but the wind had shifted round in the night and was now right *across* the runways.

That was cruel.

The tail wheel and starboard wheel on one aircraft were flat. In that state airport officials would never have allowed it to take off.

But those men would have died if they had stayed there much longer. It was neck or nothing.

Lord went first. Dakotas need a far longer runway, but there just wasn't time to build it.

The other aircraft bumped and jerked along the runway, gained speed, and rose at their tail.

Sewell wrote in his diary as Lord's machine hummed higher: "Now I know what hell is. God keep me out of that white hell any more."

They raced the snow south. Presently the big machines touched down.

Later the big transport went on her way, carrying tons after tons of vital war cargo to a far part of the fighting world, and Fred Lord and Phillip Sewell went back to their passenger and mail run.

The

By A. G. GARDINER

AS zero hour looms near in the West th main purpose of German strate becomes clear. It is a strategy which military action is inspired by politi motive. What that motive is, is not far seek.

Defeat is now the stark reality that face Germany. Short of a disruption of the Allie it cannot be avoided. Germany is in retre and everywhere on the defensive.

Hitler's European fortress is shrinkin The Russian tide rolls in resistlessly from th East. The Axis is dismembered. Italy h gone, Finland is going, Hungary, Rumani Bulgaria are hovering on the brink.

The U-boat has failed, and the strangle-hold of sea power is complete. To th dominion of the sea, the Allies now add th dominion of the air and an overwhelmin supremacy in production.

As the resources of the Allies increas those of the enemy decline. There is shortage of man-power, of fuel, of transpor of shells—witness the instructions to Kesselring's army in Italy.

The writing on the wall is reflected in th attitude of the powers friendly to the Nazi Spain sees the red light. Argentina sees i The odds once so heavily on the Nazis are no still more heavily against them.

* * *

It is in these circumstances that Germa strategy is reshaped to meet the crisis. Face with disaster East and West, it has decided t give priority to the West.

The Anglo-American attack is to b resisted even at the expense of weakening th resistance to Russia.

Double D.S.O.'s

THROUGH the monuments of valour runs a vein of double-dyed courage. Gallantry served up in a double—and treble—helping. . . .

Glasgow's "Flying Major"

Let me explain. Back in the victorious, but at one time precarious battles of Tunisia, Glasgow's "Flying Major" Alastair Pearson held fast to an enemy airfield.

Three times the enemy attacked. Thanks to his fearless leadership, scores of them were killed and 150 forced to surrender.

The major was awarded the D.S.O.

A fortnight later, the Nazis attacked his battalion H.Q. from the rear. Quitting his desk, facing defeat, the major mobilised a one-minute army of clerks and cooks—and "Jerry" was routed.

It meant a Bar to that D.S.O.

Then, with the paratroops at Catania, the "Flying Major" collected a few scattered men and headed a successful dash on the main objective.

His "courage and leadership" brought him accomplished within six Only under bat can the double feat Army officers since the eighty-five They incl gate of Bu Commandos Irish Guar Vaagso here escape of family.

In the N gained the in the first seized with statisticians

You have that Wing-C burn had 'planes befor —and anot ceived the whose wing Messerschm minutes—and faced the fir in a head-on Johnny B ace, had sporadic sc his D.S.O. the Bar.

amblers Last Throw

The military reasons for this decision are strong. There is no longer any offensive purpose to be achieved in Russia.

Even if Germany concentrated the whole of her resources on the eastern front she could not reverse the verdict there. Never again could she threaten Moscow or penetrate to the gates of the Caucasus.

Russia's victory has been final and irrevocable. It would have been well for Germany if Hitler had realised this when he failed to take Moscow in December, 1941. He has done nothing in Russia since but squander his army and bankrupt his resources in vain attempts to recover the offensive.

Now there is no course open to him but to save what he can from the wreckage and establish a defensive line somewhere on German soil. Conquest in the East is a closed chapter.

All that remains to him is to hold the front with the minimum of his available power while he turns westward to meet the full blast of Anglo-American might. *Here, if anywhere, he must redeem the desperate military situation in which his colossal failure in the East has landed him.*

* * *

No one will underestimate the magnitude of the advantages which he enjoys in this decisive phase of the war. Invasion by sea is always a perilous adventure. How perilous we know even from the experience of this war. Salerno was a desperately narrow shave, and Nettuno is still in the balance.

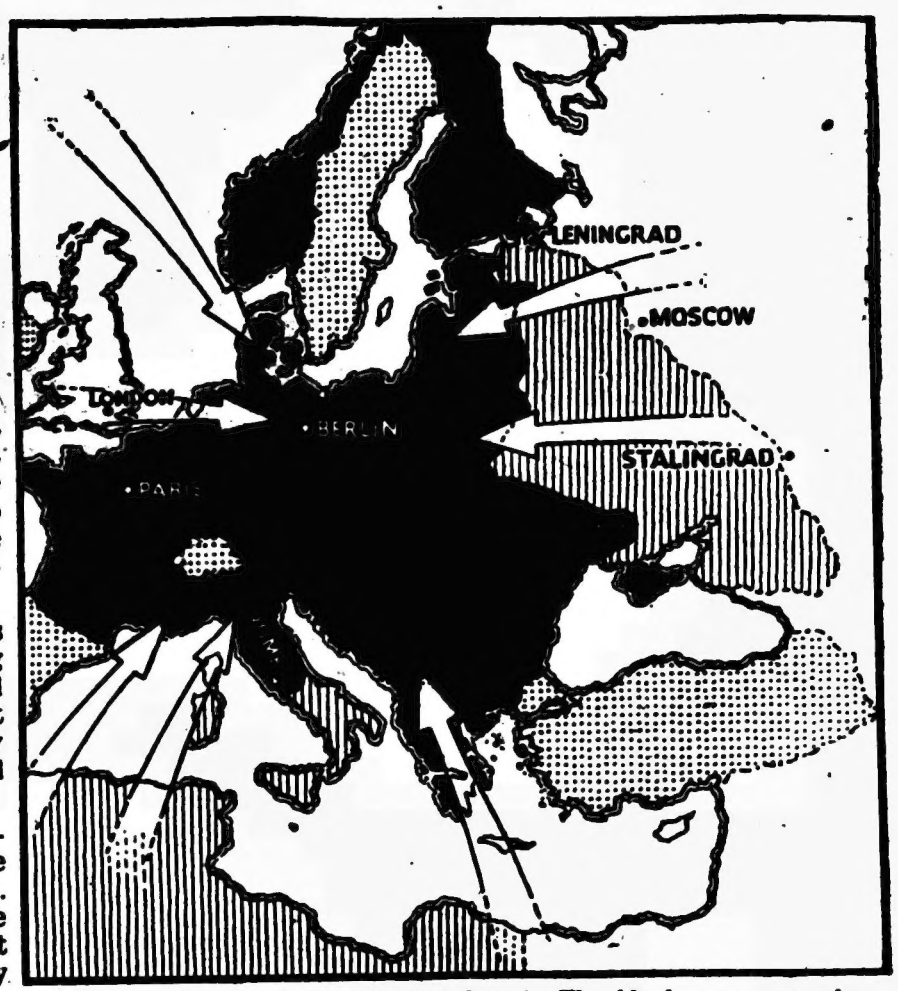
But these operations, great as they were measured by anything in the past, are trifles compared with the immense enterprise which is imminent.

To launch a great army across the narrow waters of the Channel against an enemy powerfully and deeply entrenched, to establish it ashore, to feed and supply it across the sea, and to maintain it in being until it has won the upper hand is an adventure so vast and incalculable that only the compulsion of supreme necessity would justify it.

That compulsion we have. We can do no other. And, under the sanction of the noblest cause that has ever inspired an army to great deeds, we have confidence that we shall carry this enterprise through to victory. But no one can be insensible to the perils of so vast and unprecedented an operation.

The enemy know that this is their last chance of winning such a military success as will stem the tide of defeat that has flowed so persistently against them since Stalingrad and El Alamein.

They will gamble everything they have upon the throw. If they lose, all is lost. If they win, they will have gained much. They will not have won the war, but they reckon that they will change the character of the war and change it in their favour.



See how Hitler's Fortress is shrinking! The black areas are the lands he still controls. The lined portions represent the territories wrested from his grip. Dotted areas are neutral; white ones those which have always been in Allied possession

This is what I mean when I say that German military strategy is to-day inspired by the political motive.

Hitler has proved the most complete blunderer in military affairs in the history of war.

But he is an incomparable political schemer. It is in that rôle that he is still useful to Germany and dangerous to us.

It was his political cunning—"one by one"—that enabled Germany to conquer Europe almost without fighting a battle. And ever since things began to go wrong in the war and his vision of world conquest vanished, the idea of saving his skin by political manœuvre has been his sheet anchor.

The keynote of his policy has been the disruption of the Allies. The ceaseless aim of his propaganda has been to spread suspicion of Britain in America and of America in Britain, and hostility to Russia in both.

The solid understanding established between Britain and America has defeated his hopes in that direction, but he has never lost his faith in the potency of the Bolshevist bogy.

The Moscow and Teheran conferences gave him a bad shock, but he has never surrendered the belief that at some phase of the struggle the ideological issue would be used to bring about a fatal clash between the "Communist" power and the "Capitalistic" powers.

* * *

It is not difficult for the student of the workings of his tricky mind to see how this belief falls in with the new German strategy. Confronted with the impossibility of maintaining the struggle with any chance of success on both fronts, priority has been settled in favour of the West.

It is a choice made both on military and political calculations. The war in Russia is lost. Germany has nothing to do there but to cut her losses, get out and stand on the defensive, while throwing all her resources against the Anglo-American invasion.

This, it is true, would leave Germany imperilled from the East. The Russian tide may flow into Germany. And the Germans fear a Russian invasion much more than an Anglo-American invasion.

No matter. Hitler has never taken German feelings into account. Moreover, in this, his last great gamble, the menace of a Russian invasion would serve his purpose.

If he can defeat the Anglo-American invasion, even if he can only hold it while the Russians are invading Germany, he may think that the "Capitalistic" powers will be scared by the fear that the "Bolshevist" flood will overspread Europe.

Thus at the eleventh hour he might hope to disrupt the Allies, save himself and change the whole character of the war into a war against Bolshevism—a war of Western Europe against Eastern Europe.

It is a wild dream. But Hitler is a desperate man—a gambler reduced to his last stake, and with the shadow of the gallows over him.

We have only to stand firm, smite him from every angle, east, west and south, and his last gamble will go the way of the rest. Then the gallows will claim its own.

ve To Be Good!

d Bar. He'd S.O. hat-trick

n actual com- won. And the ult that of 780 won the award of war only d the Bar.

men as Win- Lovat of the Haydon of the Lofoten and e-managed the erlands royal

y-nine officers th three Bars he war. Then, the Admiralty he count!

*

od! So good r Lloyd Chad- own six enemy ned the D.S.O. before he re- as "Chaddy" shot down ten ss than ten v again who enemy E-boats

e night-fighter n ten of our visitors before before getting

When the Bar is won with a single deed, you know it's for sublime courage.

Julian Sale, a young Canadian, had his D.S.O. ribbon the night he made five deliberate runs through German flak and came back with a flaming 'plane.

★ ★ ★

Stores exploding, turrets and wings afire, Sale was nearing his home airfield when he realised the petrol tanks might explode any instant and endanger other aircraft.

Coolly he regained height and ordered his boys to bale out.

Swirling smoke-fog in the cockpit veiled the instruments before he himself decided to follow. Then, at the last moment, he found one of his boys standing beside him with a 'chute burned to cinder.

Nothing for it but to land the burning aircraft anywhere, anyhow. . . .

The entire floor of the fuselage was blazing as Sale and his comrades cleared the 'plane. They'd run a bare 200 yards when the mighty bomber exploded.

"In circumstances of great danger," says the citation to his Bar, "Squadron-Leader Sale displayed great courage and determination, setting an example of the highest order."

It goes for all the double D.S.O.'s.

MARK PRIESTLEY.

A Lorry Load of Food

Jules used to drive a 'bus for tourists until——

THAT evening the Chief called his four lieutenants to the shepherd's hut which was the headquarters of the 200 outlaws under his command.

They were mostly young workers who had dodged deportation to Germany, escaped the repeated drives of Laval's police in the towns of South-Eastern France, and had eventually taken to the Dauphiné mountains.

In peace time the Chief had been a secondary schoolteacher in Grenoble and a reserve-lieutenant of the famous Chasseurs Alpins.

All his men loved and trusted him. He knew every villager in the district, every hut, every mountain path, every herd of cattle and sheep.

He had organised a skilful system of signals, patrols and, above all, of supplies which had enabled his men to hold out, in safety and comparatively well-fed, for more than six months.

The Chief had become almost a legendary figure in the whole province, and in Savoy, too. People in Grenoble and Chambéry whispered about him with respect, but never mentioned his name, which was probably an assumed one anyway.

Most of these outlaws had been supplied with faked identity papers by the key men of the Resistance movement.

But when parents learned that their boys had joined the Partisans group under "the Chief," somewhere high in the mountains above Modane, near the Italian frontier, they did not worry too much: "He is in good hands. . . . He will be all right . . ." they said confidently.

That night the Chief, usually cheerful and sanguine, was not in an optimistic mood.

His four lieutenants were all former N.C.O.s of the Chausseurs Alpins, blindly devoted to him: Charles, a former ski-ing champion; Jules, a former driver of a tourists' 'bus service on the Galibier Pass route; and two villagers who, in peace time, had been professional guides for climbers and skiers.

IMMEDIATELY they noticed their Chief's preoccupation.

"Boys," he told them, "our position is becoming difficult. The winter is near. We have stocked enough firewood for the bad period. The organisation has done what little it could about clothing and boots. We've got barely enough arms and ammunition for an emergency.

"But the food situation is becoming desperate!

"The villages in the valley have already done all they can for us, and we can't expect them to do more. We have nearly 200 fighting men to feed; and even if we cut our rations drastically and if everybody plays the game as before, we cannot hold out for more than a fortnight.

"What are we to do about it? Has anybody any ideas?"

There was an embarrassed silence. Jules, the 'bus driver, said: "I thought the people in London and Algiers had been told what we needed, and that they were to drop food by parachutes?"

"I have raised the point at the last two meetings of the Provincial Committee, and I have been assured that the necessary messages had been wirelessed by code. But nothing has turned up yet," said the Chief.

"The weather was so bad most of the time," one of the guides remarked, "and dense fog covered our plateau. How could the R.A.F. find us?"

"And it may turn worse before we receive anything," replied the Chief in a gloomy voice which surprised his listeners. "So we've got to act quickly. Can you suggest anything, Charles?"

"Well," said Charles, the ski-ing champion, hesitatingly, "I have been thinking of a plan, but I'm afraid you'll laugh at me. . . ."

"What is it?" they all shouted together.

Charles lit a cigarette and began slowly: "Last time I went down to the valley to meet my girl friend I was sitting with her in the main café at Lanslebourg, when two Boche soldiers came in for a drink.

"They were of the less unpleasant type and seemed harmless. They tried to talk to the people, but were cold-shouldered, of course. Yet, when they offered oranges to the girls, it was difficult to refuse and not to say 'Thank you.'

"They looked so pleased about that 'thank you' from French girls who never have a nice look or a nice word for the 'Fritz' that it gave me an idea. . . .

"You see, I happen to know that these two Boches always stop every Wednesday afternoon with their military lorry at the café for a drink on their way from the German food depôt at Modane to the forts on the Mont-Cenis Pass.

"Now, if we could persuade two girls at Lanslebourg to let them make love to them and encourage them to drink, we might be able to steal that lorry-load of food!

"There are 1,000 men in all the forts around the Mont-Cenis, I am told, so the haul would be worth the while. . . ."

The idea was highly approved.

"But we need two girls," the Chief pointed out, "and so far we've got only one. . . ."

"Who's that?" the champion questioned eagerly.

"Yours, of course!" the others retorted laughingly.

"Never!" shouted the champion, "and even if I allowed Madeleine to do it, she'd turn down the plan!"

"Tell her that it is for the sake of the Resistance; that we face surrender to Laval and deportation to Germany unless we get food quickly; and that she will become a heroine of the Movement. That ought to overcome her scruples," said the Chief. "And surely she can find some reliable girl-friend?"

"I'll do my best," said Charles.

"Well," said the Chief, "there is not much time to lose.

——the invader came to the Savoy mountains

"To-night is Monday. To-morrow you go down to Lanslebourg and have a good time with Madeleine, and fix it all. We need a second man. Any volunteers?"

"I'll go!" said Jules, the 'bus driver, eagerly. "That's a job for me. If the girls manage to get the driver's ignition key, it would be easier. Otherwise you need a man like me, who could do without."

NEXT evening the ski champion and the driver went to Lanslebourg.

It was not easy to persuade Madeleine and her friend Marcelle to play the proposed part.

"All the village will spit at us . . . they will cut our hair!" they protested.

"And how could we explain the truth without letting the Boches learn that it is all a plot?"

The men had to promise them that, once the coup succeeded, they would be allowed to live in the camp, cooking for the boys and mending their socks, and even carrying munitions to the machine-guns if it ever came to a fight. The last promise won them over.

The next afternoon the German lorry stopped, with Prussian punctuality, before the café. The two soldiers went in, as usual. When they saw the two good-looking girls whom they had noticed several times before, sitting at a table in a corner, they bowed clumsily.

The girls responded, with a smile. The two Boches could hardly believe it. From their own table they toasted the girls' health.

To their delight the Frenchwomen thanked them and answered the toast.

When the soldiers presently asked for permission to sit at the girls' table, it was not refused.

One after another guests left the café in surprised disgust.

An hour or so later the two Germans and their partners seemed to have become the best friends. One glass of wine succeeded another, mixed with heavier drinks. The girls just sipped theirs, while the men drank hastily.

Soon the Germans forgot the time. . . . The German driver was delighted with the friendliness of "his" girl.

She even pretended to search his pockets for chocolate. He did not see her take his ignition key.

And later still both of them were too fuzzled to notice the noise of their lorry being driven away. They had fallen asleep in their chairs; and the girls had left. . . .

Jules drove the lorry up a side-road to a hamlet in the mountains, then turned into a forest, and stopped in a glade. They all clambered down.

"We'll leave it here," said Charles. "We have a stiff two hours' climb to headquarters. During the night some of the boys will have to come down and unload the heavy stuff."

They reported at headquarters, where

We Used to Be So Silly

OUR world, in some respects, grows more sensible year by year. And here and there you'll find people who are rather proud of the fact. Not me. On the whole, I'm sorry about it.

Silliness, as a rule, doesn't have a holiday. It has a funeral.

You only keep on doing some silly thing, because you've always kept on doing some silly thing.

There was one thing about the Long Ago. I don't think they used to say, then, before they did a thing, "Where's the sense in it?" They did it because it was fun. It may have been silly, but it was fun.

★ ★ ★

You can be so sensible that you end up by eating, drinking, sleeping, working, and nothing else. Like a horse.

No doubt it would seem to many people a very silly thing to start running three times round the houses with a rice-pudding before we ate it every 29th of April. Just because it *was* the 29th of April.

We've never done it, they'd say. Why start?

No doubt it would seem to many people a very silly thing to go nation-crazy every September over a walking match between Borstal and Wormwood Scrubs.

We've never done it, they'd say. Why start?

And, really, you can't put up much of an argument for *starting* to be silly. You can keep on being silly, but if you stop you're done.

Now, where's the sense in tossing a pancake just because it's Pancake Day? Where's the sense in going mad from Land's End to John o' Groat's just because Oxford and Cambridge decide to row a couple of boats on the Thames?

Where's the sense in tying an old boot to the bridal taxi? Or in celebrating the failure of Guy Fawkes? Or in a thousand things that we used to do.

We kept on because we'd always kept on, and it was fun. But the war has torn some things in halves and dropped them in the wastepaper basket.

I'm wondering if some of our sillinesses are gone for ever.

Sometimes we forget that you've got to be about ten years old to *remember* pancake tossing and Boat Race Day and all the other things we old-timers used to go crazy about. Tens of thousands are growing up without the need of them.

★ ★ ★

What shall we say to these tens of thousands when we want to start tossing a pancake again. We know that whatever we say *they'll* say. "But *why*? Where's the sense in it?"

So that I'm afraid we shan't say anything. We shall let it go.

I'm afraid we shall not toss the pancake again. The world is growing too sensible for things like that.

But where, I ask, is the fun in not being silly?

A. G.

Short Story By Frank Walters

were greeted with cheers and hand-
s. They described the place where
had left the lorry, and scores of
volunteered to fetch the food at

ES and Charles turned in for a
ell-earned sleep.
At dawn they were awakened by
rful noise They rubbed their eyes.
were standing around their straw
sses, cursing and laughing. Among
was the Chief, who said: "Nice
boys. But it won't help us very
—anyway not now."
hat do you mean, sir?" the two
asked in amazement.
ell—have a look at your booty. . . .
told you that it was a lorry-load of
"
d in a general chorus of laughter
men around them unpacked cases
tommy-guns, cartridges, hand-
des, trench-mortars—enough to
victorious battles in the mountains
st the whole Vichy police of the
nce for months. But there was
ing to eat.
looks as if we'll have to think of
thing else," said the Chief. . . .
t even as he spoke, one of the
s pointed excitedly to the south-
Tiny dark spots were in the sky,
grew with every second.
n they heard the noise of engines.
counted four, five, six 'planes. The
es came nearer and nearer, until
passed overhead.
.A.F.!" the men yelled.
e machines circled over the plateau,
came lower.
e parachute after the other was
to billow open, and heavy bags
d smoothly down to earth, wildly
ed by the eager outlaws.
ood!" cried the Chief. "I knew
would not let us down."
ong live the R.A.F.! Long live
ce!" the men shouted.
e minute later the birds from North
a were out of sight again. . . .

HUMAN MACHINE

Character

It is a very common misconcep-
tion that men and women can
made efficient and decent and
olly praiseworthy by lessons,
mons and good resolutions.
t is very widely believed that in
se things—the current name for
ich is "propaganda"—there re-
s some sort of mysterious influ-
e which can effect a miracle.
Now if there is one truth more
n another that psychology can
ch us it is this—that there exists
such mysterious force.
You can only become efficient by
aving efficiently. You can only
come decent by behaving decently.
u can only become good by doing
d things.
t is not the slightest use clinging
a belief in some sort of witch-
tor who can wave a wand over
. You have got to be your own
tor. You have got to achieve
r own cure. And you have first
all to want to be cured.
After that it's just a question of
lermination, of willpower and
rd work.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Control These Betting Pools!

Many people still go to watch Soccer for love of the game

IT'S easy to make your fortune.

Or so you are led to assume from the attractive leaflets that are being circulated everywhere.

All you have to do is to invest a little silver in football and racing pools!

The rest is automatic. You just lean back to enjoy your wealth. The family's future will be one of cosy warmth and plenty.

Despite the war, and without worry or work, regular incomes can be secured of £200 to £10,000 a week.

Perhaps.

Now, at the outset, let me stress one point.

Many pools are run honestly; their regulations are fair.

One of Many

I have no grumble with them, though I do think—no matter how well they may be run—that all pools ought to come under some Government supervision.

In this respect I agree with Mr. John Bretherton, of Heaton Moor, Lancashire, who is a noted authority on betting pools and their varied administration.

"Their promoters," he said the other day, "differ from banks, building societies, insurance companies and limited liability companies handling public money in that no restrictions are placed upon them.

"Many of them take 5 per cent. net commission and 15 per cent. for expenses —or 20 per cent. gross commission—compared with the ½ per cent. taken by a man handling cotton, the 1 per cent. taken on stocks and shares, the ¼ per cent. in a bank, or the 5 per cent. of a wholesale grocer."

They can do very much as they like. They can themselves decide how to get the biggest golden egg without killing the goose of public confidence.

A regrettable development, to my mind, is the mushroom growth of smaller "pools" whose clients are mostly found—through agents working on commission—in war factories and Government depots.

The scope of some of these smaller pools was illustrated recently in the Manchester City Police Court when a pool promoter was fined £100 for infringing the Lotteries Act. There was no suggestion that the venture was being run unfairly, but some of the facts show clearly how great is the need for some central control of all such schemes.

Evidence was given that, from an office in Birch Grove, Manchester, this man, John Albert Knight, was until recently running a football pool.

Receipts showed that in a brief period £6,164 had been paid out in prizes, the largest individual payment being a cheque for £304.

Mr. Knight's business had obviously prospered. In one week last May, 2,332 tickets were sold. By the beginning of November, sales had risen to 9,600 a week, and during December to 11,324 a week.

His agents had increased from thirty-six to fifty-nine.

According to the books, £9,038 had been subscribed; £3,000 went in expenses.

And Knight, who took 10 per cent. commission himself on all sales, appeared to be making a personal average of £72 a week after all expenses had been met!

He is only one of many.

In another case that has been brought to my notice from the Midlands two men, who had no previous experience of pool promoting, have been conducting a football pool in and around Birmingham for some months.

They have over a thousand subscribers in local factories, and no doubt have done very well for themselves.

Owing to war conditions and the complete lack of essential regulations, it is impossible to estimate exactly the amount of money spent on football and racing pools.

But I gather that about £12,000,000 goes to pool promoters every week. And experts agree that a heavy proportion of this goes towards "the family futures in warm comfort and plenty" of their promoters particularly those of the smaller pools.

Some of the smaller ones don't bother about giving value for money.

Indeed, I know a pool that in five recent months provided 4,782,969 possible alternatives.

Educational authorities are concerned because many schoolchildren are joining the "get-rich-quick-in-the-pools" craze. And in my files is a mass of evidence to support the M.P.s who urge the Home Secretary—in vain—to take legislative action.

Let me mention just a few entries:

There is the firm which, with thousands of clients throughout the country, allowed the brother of its managing director to "win" the first prize one week.

The case of another group of promoters who, after making all they could in one district, went to another and opened up in a new name.

Sales in Factories

The band of relatives who, in various trading titles, have thrived on pools in different parts of the country for years, and are still "in the game."

There is the man who was by turn insurance expert, company promoter, and many other things before becoming a football pool promoter.

Calling himself "The Conduit Pools," and the "ALL Win Syndicate," he rolled along happily until a man from whom he had obtained money in another capacity complained to the police. Then he disappeared; the police are still looking for him!

And I am far from pleased at the constant stream of lottery tickets now sold in war factories.

Attractive "odds" are offered to purchasers of sealed "envelope" tickets. These tickets usually bear letters which are supposed to represent the first and last headlines in national daily newspapers.

And the chance of winning a prize is out of all proportion to the money raked in by the promoters.

Not long ago I visited several Kentish towns in connection with betting schemes, about which the police had received many inquiries.

One was a lottery of a most ingenious kind that has since been copied by other promoters in various parts of the country. The chances of winning were very remote.

A substantial profit, of course, went to the promoter.

Small envelopes were sold at sixpence each, and these contained a list of football teams. Until he opened his envelope the purchaser did not know what his two teams were.

The winner was the one whose teams scored the highest number of goals. There was also a prize of £1 for the two scores which, added together in the reverse way, made the highest total.

Another prize of £1 was offered every day from Monday to Friday in respect of the ticket holder with the first and last letters in the longest headline of a daily newspaper. The newspapers mentioned have nothing whatever to do with these schemes and resent the use of their names.

Say one heading was "Cassino is now ours" the prize would be divided into 15s. for the holder of the letters "C" and "S," and 5s. for the one holding the letters in the reverse way.

Agents on Commission

Mr. H. J. Vann, then Chief Constable of Maidstone, and other authorities whose advice I sought about this and other cases, expressed very serious views about the growth of gambling schemes in local war factories.

"A disturbing feature," said one, "is that these tickets have circulated very alarmingly in a certain Government factory where good money is being earned, and I am getting complaints from women about their husbands spending all their money on lotteries and not taking it home."

So let me emphasise my warning. Similar tickets are being printed and distributed, mostly through agents working on commission, all over the country at the present time, and people only have themselves to blame if they throw away their money.

How can these abuses be checked unless all pools and similar schemes are regulated by law?

Mr. Morrison, it is for you to answer.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. Williams, Barn Hill, Penley, Ellesmere, Salop, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for most interesting information.

Information for inquiry about any suspected ramp or scandal is invited. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

He says that Westminster no longer represents the people

WEST DERBY WILL MAKE THEM THINK!

By Hannen Swaffer

THE West Derby result proves that if there were now a General Election in which a Popular Front were formed of all the Parties on the left, the Tories would suffer a crushing defeat—yes, even with Mr. Churchill as their leader!

For "the Dukeries" as they call it, is the centre of feudalism.

Yet, even there, and with Labour and Liberalism both officially supporting the Government candidate, the "young squire," the heir to the duchy of Devonshire, and an officer fresh from the Services, was beaten by over 4,500 votes.

Churchill pleaded for him in vain. He pointed to the reforming influence the Cavendish family had always used—he forgot, I suppose, that the best-known Duke of Devonshire opposed Home Rule and so caused the Liberal split that nearly cost us Ireland—and claimed support for his Government because it would prove our national unity to the outside world.

Even then, West Derby would not stand for what it thought a veiled dictatorship.

Now this proves more than anything else that the House of Commons no longer represents the Nation.

In 1943, when twenty by-elections were fought, the average number of votes cast was forty-four for the Government candidates and thirty-five against, this despite an appeal to the electors by the leaders of the three main Parties—Tory, Liberal, and Labour—to unite behind the Government, and despite the fact that, in many cases, the Independent candidate had little money, no Press and only an improvised machine. Now, suddenly the anti-Government vote has risen!

Broken Promises?

Always, the Independents supported Churchill as War Leader, and also the military policy of the Government of which he was the head.

The cause of their quarrel with him—and with it—was usually the mismanagement of many things on the home front, and their definite belief that the New World promises were being broken and that we were drifting back to the old pre-war conditions.

The young men were seeing visions—one of a brighter and happier Future—and the old men were dreaming dreams of a dead or dying Past.

To judge from the 1935 election, a vote taken to-day on a new register would, if a Popular Front were formed by all the Parties on the Left, result in the Tories suffering a crushing defeat.

Even in 1935, when they won 364 seats out of the 615, they polled less than half of the total number cast, only 10,500,000 in fact, out of 22,000,000.

Since then there has been a great swing to the Left in the Services, in the factories and among the middle-classes.

In 1942, the anti-Government vote was only 20.4 per cent. of the electorate estimated to be able to vote. In 1943 this anti-Government vote had risen to 24.2 per cent.

And this happened on a register so old that it dated back to 1939, which meant that no person under twenty-six could vote!

It was the young people who, more than anyone, were ready for a new adventure. They were imbued, many thousands of them, with the spirit of crusaders. Yet, because of an old register, they were all disenfranchised!

So, too, were countless numbers working in factories away from home or in camps and on the battlefield. Indeed, it is safe to say that at least half the people playing the most important part in the war were unable to vote.

"We cannot have an election in war time," declared the three Parties forming the Government.

Yet there have been elections in the four Dominions.

In Canada, the Liberals were re-elected with a tremendous majority. Soon after, however, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which advocates the socialisation of all essential services, proved, in an election in Ontario, that it will be at least the second Party in Canada before long. Soon, it may even get a majority.

Soldiers' Votes

In New Zealand, the Labour Party was kept in office because of the soldiers' vote.

In Australia, Labour won a very big victory, ensuring for itself power in both Houses for years to come.

Although South Africa, which is more backward, re-elected a Conservative-minded government under Smuts, there was abundant evidence that New Zealand, Australia, and Canada were becoming permeated with Socialistic thought.

And so, I doubt not, would be proved true of Britain if a General Election were held here.

The new and puzzling factor in our politics is the growth of Common Wealth, which came into being less than two years ago as a result of the Malvern Conference.

This Party, led by Sir Richard Acland, who proved his genuineness by giving his estates to the nation, has taken on the self-appointed job of converting the middle-classes to Socialism, a task which the trade unions have failed to do.

Although it is looked upon with great suspicion by Labour Party leaders rendered ineffective by the truce, Common Wealth declares that it will never oppose Labour candidates except in very backward areas, where its own nominees might have a greater chance.

Elsewhere, it pledges itself to support Labour candidates to the utmost.

Its strength is proved by two startling victories—at Edgbury, where a thirty-three-year-old warrant officer won a three-cornered contest, and in Skipton, where a young lieutenant was returned most unexpectedly by 221 votes.

Before then, Midlothian was nearly won for Common Wealth by Tom Wintringham, an Englishman fighting—and in Scotland—the Solicitor-General.

Even in Portsmouth, too, a factory manager polled very heavily against a local admiral!

It was because of Skipton that Churchill got angry.

He called the "anti-Government support" of himself, by a local Conservative who refused to allow Brighton and Hove to be disenfranchised by the so-called truce, "an attempted swindle." This, and a letter justifying his phrase, so angered Brighton people that the Government majority of 41,000 fell to 2,000.

Then came West Derbyshire, where the young heir to the duchy of Devonshire was got out of the Army to fight a seat which for three centuries his family had considered its "pocket borough."

Churchill, this time much milder in his words, praised the traditionalism of the Devonshire family—and Labour was supposed, because of the pact, to speak, work and vote for a wealthy landlordism it had always considered its enemy!

The election, indeed, was People *v.* Privilege—and with Labour compelled, officially, to back Privilege!

Next came Bury St. Edmunds, where Mrs. Corbett Ashby, one of the most respected women in the country, a Liberal who had been a delegate to the League of Nations, opposed a Conservative officer.

This time, Churchill and the other Party leaders—Clement Attlee, Ernest Brown and Archibald Sinclair—sent a joint message asking for a majority, for the Tory, "that will make it plain to the world that Bury St. Edmunds stands behind *the National Government that is bearing so heavy a burden.*"

The last words must have seemed ridiculous to Fighting Services, men and women engaged in heavy toil, and the housewives waiting for hours in the queues.

Besides, how could anyone seriously argue that the return of Mrs. Corbett Ashby would suggest to anyone that we were less earnest over carrying the war to a successful conclusion?

Did anyone say that when John Curtin kicked out the man who was Premier before him? Actually, Australia's war effort has been intensified since Curtin's victory.

Now, frankly, this is the problem:

Can Labour do more for the future of the people by staying in the Government, and keeping to the pledge it made in the hour of peril in 1940, or by coming out?

Outvoted

The leaders, almost unanimously, answer: "We must remain in. On the eve of the Second Front, which may cause very heavy casualties, it would be not only bad policy, but poor patriotism, to come out."

Many thousands of the rank and file reply: "In the Government, you are outvoted by your political enemies. You could do much more for the people in Opposition, for every seat you won would hurry on the New World we dream about."

No, reforms are delayed. More, they are turned down to placate vested interests. This causes irritation, anger and even disgust.

People are now voting for a new world. Those who boss the Government want the old one back.

Which will win—Privilege or Social Righteousness?

VOICE

★ Have you an interesting l... from a relative in the Forces? ... GUINEA will be paid for ea... published—more if an adve... story used at greater length. ... all the letters are returned. ... for Readers' Views. Add... letters to "Voice," JOHN ... 93, Long Acre, London, W...

CANADIAN hospitality to R.A.F. is now proverbial. ... latest account comes ... L.A.C. J. Ruff to his ... at Priory Road, Alfreton, ... shire:

My seven days' leave was ... Montreal as the guest of the ... the Canadian N.W. Mounted Po... I had the time of my life.

Before we set off we were a bit ... about where we should stay an... we should do in a strange town, ... needn't have bothered. Our mai... culty was in refusing invitations.

We were invited to many ... where we were met with such ... hearted hospitality that we might ... been sons rather than strangers.

If you ever come in contact w... Canadians back home, do try a... them a good time in repayment ... kindness their people give us ov...

Top of the Wor...

Out on the Indian frontier ... J. H. J. Webber, R.A., meets ... Tibetans, and writes home about ... to his mother at Coldharbour L... Brixton, London:

We stopped at a mountain ... which is journey's end for th... trains carrying Yaks wool from ... The team drivers are, of cours... tans, very big fellows with hair ... as their womenfolk.

The hair, wound round and ... their heads, looks a bit queer—... ally as they wear a kind of tri... perched up on top!

They have thick woollen coa... trousers, big leather boots, and b... belts they carry large knives, wh... useful when they meet wild ani... they travel over the mountains.

They need thick clothing, of ... because the Tibetan plains are ... above sea-level. In each train th... from seventy to eighty mules, and ... twenty teamsters, whose trips o... top of the world take about two w...

Seeing these things and these ... people makes me feel as if I am ... way from Brixton.

Prison Camp

Evidence is coming through ... the treatment of our prisoners ... war in some German camps is ... proving. Here is a letter from P... Pte. W. J. Smale to his wife ... Heddon Mill, Braunton, N. Devon:

We are treated very well there ... all things considered, so please ... worry about me too much. I am ... fit, and life here is not too bad.

I can honestly say that I have ... enjoyed such good health at home ... food is now plentiful and good. ... to see you soon.

Hope is a Saving Strength

HOPE is the flags of heaven by God's own hand unfurled, hope is the lighted torch above the darkened world. Hope is the saving strength that frees us from despair. Hope is the sprig of gold which in our hearts we wear.

Hope is the love of Christ which will ever with us stay, hope is the Sacred Voice which prays with us when we pray. Hope is the way the soul can overcome all pain, hope is the ... that fools reject but which keep ... wise man sane.

HOPE is the new design against ... ugly past, hope is the fa... heaven and of all things that will ... Hope is the answer true to every ... thing. Hope is the rallying psalm ... souls must rise and sing.—J. M.

F THE TROOPS

those Italian hills ahead, the enemy is entrenched

he campaign in Italy is tough—so are our men fighting there. r. A. Sabel, R.A., describes "active vice" conditions in a letter to a tive at Morton Street, Falls-rth, Manchester:

have certainly had some excite- and narrow escapes since I have up at the front. What with Jerry ombing, and shelling us, and lay- hines for us in the most unexpected s, there are no dull moments. one place, for example, the enemy ending over shells night and day, very few pauses in between. were billeted in a house which had used as an observation-post, as it n top of a hill overlooking a valley. nemy, entrenched in the hills oppo- had our range and gave us plenty ink about. netimes at night, when we were g a "quiet" game of cards, a ter- bang would be the sign that Jerry t it again. At first we used to hop the slit trenches, but later we got to it and continued to play cards, h there were times when our s were not on the game. intervals we could hear the whine shell as it plugged past our billet. ould pause, hold our breath, and for the crash as the shell hit some- not far away. sy days and noisy nights—but you ed to the racket! Hope to be home

War to the Death

Tigers and pythons add to the eliness of life in India. Sgt. N. R. nson, R.E.M.E., writes to his ents at Clytha Square, Newport, n.:

ne of the lads found a python near amp yesterday. One of them, mis- g it for a fallen tree branch, lly stumbled against it. e python seemed angry at being bed; luckily, one fellow was quick gh to shoot it before it could go action. It measured 14 ft. long, and Ghurkas carried it back to camp. ere is also a tiger knocking around. r he has finished off a native and een bullocks, and we are out to him, too—but we haven't had any yet.

Major Operation

haircut in Ceylon is a cere- nial if not a hair-raising busi- ss. Cpl. J. Cook, R.A.F., writes to wife at Fircroft Avenue, Bil- ough, Nottingham:

the barber's saloon I was met by a dozen smiling, dusky assistants, rmed to the teeth with scissors, razors and combs—and all of them badly in need of a haircut themselves.

Ceremoniously they led me to a chair like a lamb to the slaughter, and operations began.

First, plenty of clipper work, done so slowly that it threatened to last all day.

Then scissor work to the accompaniment of strange hissing noises—interrupted several times for my assistant to walk off for a chat with some of his friends.

Later I was given tea in an aluminium cup. There followed combing, brushing, and a scalp massage. Finally, feeling weak, I consented to a shampoo.

So I became the victim of the most terrific scrubbing; I thought I had been scalped. In addition, my face was rubbed, punched, twisted, pinched, and kneaded. And the torture went on until I cried out for hostilities to cease.

Suddenly a stream of cold water hit me in the face and I was washed and "wiped off." I staggered out convinced I had suffered a major operation.

Nuts to Them

Battles in an Indian camp cinema are barred, and the ban rather cramps the audience's style, writes A.C. A. Hart, R.A.F., to his wife at Chapel Hill, Braintree, Essex:

Pea-nuts are brought round every day by the "fruit wallah," and until recently we used to take supplies of them with us to the camp cinema. When the films were not good, which was usual, we enlivened the programme in the good old schoolboy fashion.

But a new order says that "In future pea-nut battles in the camp cinema must cease." From which I gather that an officer was caught in a cross-barrage and lodged a complaint.

A pity, but we still enjoy the show even when the films are "duff." The audience often engages in back-chat with the actors on the screen, offering advice to the heroine and giving hints on technique to the hero. It all helps!

Merchant Navy Forum

THEORY AND PRACTICE

FROM a Lieut.-Commander, R.N. (Retd.), has come this letter:

"I am quite aware that the Ministry of War Transport has introduced many improvements since this war started.

"But though these various improvements have saved many lives, the most important developments needed to make lifesaving at sea really efficient have been neglected to the last.

"The main requirements should, and would, have been solved years ago if all inventions and ideas sent to the Ministry of War Transport had been tested in practical experiment."

But the most pathetic letter of all comes from a navigating officer: "If only we'd been able to launch the boats clear of her side . . . seas smashed them and their tackle long before we had time to cast off!"

Recently the M.O.W.T. announced that twenty experimental boats and tackle had been ordered in order to "equip a few freighters with a launching device" claimed to be foolproof.

Twenty—and a few freighters!

Why the interminable delays? Why the hesitant nibblings?

FORUM demands an answer—and quickly.

Must Women Wait for Leap Year?

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

SEVERAL letters have reached me lately on the subject of Leap Year. One man whose salary is based upon so much per annum thinks it unfair that he should have to do an extra day's work for nothing!

But as the present year began on a Saturday, the extra day will be a Sunday (December 31). I suggest, therefore, that he waits till 1948 before claiming additional money for February 29.

It seems a great pity to me, writes another man, that a woman must wait till Leap Year before she can approach the man of her choice because the one in question is too backward to approach her.

I know a very attractive young widow and her lovely son—a boy of twelve. Both of them think the world of a certain man (whom I also know), and he is of the same mind in relation to them. But his extreme reserve prevents his making overtures to her.

Yes, there is a war on. Before long there will be that invasion of the Continent. Women will lose their husbands and sweethearts. . . .

Must women always be subjected to these silly rules about waiting for the man to propose? Couldn't there be one month in every year set aside when self-respecting women can ask the man's hand in matrimony? The idea deserves serious thought, don't you think?

IF a woman loves a man and knows perfectly well that he would like to marry her, I don't think she would wait for Leap Year to broach the subject. She may not say outright: "Will you marry me?" But she will make it easy for him to say it.

When she knows that the only obstacle is the man's shyness she will dexterously remove that obstacle and give him a clear field.

Such a matter, since it affects the whole of her future, ought not to be influenced by some out-of-date Victorian idea of womanly modesty.

In my opinion there is no need for a special month for women to take the initiative. I know scores of married couples who somehow got into double harness without any formal proposal. They say it just happened.

Several readers have written lately to ask advice about what to do with anonymous letters. In the majority of cases the wife receives the news that her husband is "carrying on" with another woman.

If she is wise she shows the letter to her husband and talks it out with him; but if she is foolish she says nothing and begins brooding about it.

"Little Demon Doubt" begins to work; her suspicions increase; the most innocent incidents are given a sinister twist until she is nearly crazy with worry.

If she has not strength of character and sufficient faith in her man to destroy the letter and forget it, she ought to drag all her fears and suspicions into healthy daylight.

Remember the proposal in "Now Voyager"?

Here is an extract from one letter on the subject:

Friends of ours have received an anonymous letter which I enclose, writes a man. My wife and I believe we know the writer and we are making every effort to obtain another specimen of his handwriting.

I have been to the police and they advise me to see a solicitor, but I cannot afford this.

The statements in the letter are quite untrue, but all the same it has caused mental torture to both of us and many sleepless nights.

If there is anything we can do to bring this poisonous writer to justice before any more mischief is caused we should be glad to know what it is.

The police can hardly take any action about a single letter when there is no absolute proof of the writer's identity.

To accuse an innocent person would lead to an action for slander. The man will have to wait for developments, and since the accusations are untrue he ought to stop worrying about the matter.

WHEN, as occasionally happens, a poison pen is active in a village, accusing scores of people of misconduct and disturbing the peace of many homes, the police can lay a trap and bring the nuisance to a sudden stop.

The anonymous letter writer is a coward and ostensibly out to create mischief. He is generally a liar in the bargain. The best plan is to ignore the pest.

From time to time unpleasant anonymous letters appear in my postbag, but I forget them within two minutes. Most of them come from fanatics who are angry because I don't support their particular little "ism."

But I get other anonymous letters from people in genuine trouble whom I should be glad to help—if they would give me the chance. For obvious reasons I cannot do it on this page.

FOOD FACTS

How to have more FAT for cooking

In the average-sized household, two or three ounces of cooking fat can be added to the ration each week by saving scraps of meat fat which would otherwise just be wasted, and converting these into cooking fat.

For example, not everyone likes meat that is very fat. So, before you cook the meat, trim off any spare fat and set aside. Then, many children — and grown-ups, too! — leave the fat of meat on their plates, so cut off some of the fat before serving it. (Scraps of fat which taste of onion or some other strong flavour should be kept separate and used only for making savoury dishes.)

You'll find that a considerable amount of fat can be saved in this way. Cut the scraps up small and put in a tin in a cool oven — don't let them burn. When melted, strain off the fat carefully from the dried up bits of meat and pour into a bowl. This makes excellent fat for all cooking purposes.

Dripping should be "clarified" before using for frying. Cut it up and put in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Pour into a bowl and let it get cold.

The fat will rise to the top in a hard white lid. Lift off, and scrape away any scraps or fibre from the underside, then melt again, gently, without any water, and heat until it stops bubbling — this is to get out any remaining water. If water is left in the fat, it will not keep fresh. Pour into a bowl and use as needed.

Try these Fat-saving Tips, too

1 Fried potatoes take less fat if they're boiled first. So boil extra potatoes for frying later.

2 Use wrapping paper from butter, margarine and lard for greasing tins and covering food in the oven.

3 Fat left in frying pan can be strained and clarified, and re-used.

4 After boiling fatty meats and suet puddings allow the liquid to cool and skim off the fat which has solidified. Use as dripping.

SAVOURY FISH CAKES

INGREDIENTS: *¼ lb soaked salted cod, cooked and flaked finely; ¼ lb. mashed potatoes; 1 large leek or onion, chopped finely; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; pepper; a few drops of vinegar.*

METHOD: Mix all ingredients together, form into cakes, dip into reconstituted egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. Or bake in oven — no extra fat is needed for this. *Note:* The leek or onion may be fried or boiled before adding to other ingredients.

Listen to the Kitchen Front, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 8.15 a.m.

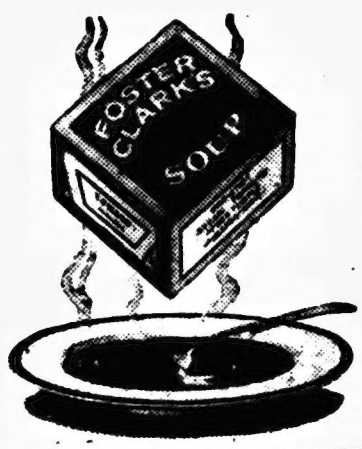
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 189

There's been a delivery of

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

—for arresting germs in the home

KH 95-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, S.16



FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

FEED - WARM - NOURISH

STILL PRE-WAR PRICES

LAST LAUGH

MRS. D. (Leicester).—"Owing to lack of coupons, I have had to renovate the collar and cuffs of my husband's old evening-dress shirt." He'll have to wait like other people, of course, for the second front?

W. A. (Hamilton).—"When my wife and I boiled our ration of shell eggs, we found they were evil-smelling and quite unfit for human consumption." That, we cannot refrain from saying, was two bad!

GAMEKEEPER (Sudbury).—"I was very surprised to find thirty-seven acorns in the crop of a wood-pigeon." How many should there have been?

TYPIST (Motherwell).—"Accountants usually make meek and easily dominated husbands." They don't count at home.

W. F. (Perth).—"Work is not, as some people insist, a blessing. It is a curse." Our office boy also shares this view.

SHOPKEEPER (Wembley).—"My errand-boy has been lured away by another shop, so unless I can get him back I shall have to forget my age and do his job myself." One way or the other, you've got to recapture your youth.

PRIVATE M. (Hampshire).—"I went to see the M.O., hoping to get a week or so off, but his treatment was much less pleasant." That must have been a bitter pill.

M. P. (Hampshire).—"I get the men in our camp on their feet and generally start things moving." Are you the bugler?

L. D. (Pershore).—"The parson who conducted our wedding certainly gave me a fright." Well, it was the girl you chose, wasn't it?

H. G. (Chelsea).—"What can be a bigger eye-opener than a peep behind the scenes at the theatre?" A look behind the counter at some shops we know.

BERT (Hertford). — "When I arrived in London I walked straight into a temperance hotel." We lost our bearings in the fog recently, too.

PORTER (London, N.).—"You can take it from me that London Underground passengers never lose their heads." That is how they differ from genuine sardines?

B. S. (Camberley).—"My daughter is anxious to learn the piano, and I am wondering how she should start." Well, it seems to us most beginners nowadays start with the "Warsaw Concerto" and keep right on with it.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Wonder 'ow they gets on for eating up in them 'planes,' Bill? Think they 'as cook-'ouses?"

Side-Slips

DAILY DISPATCH:—"Our heavy guns tore great gaps among the German troops . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO: ". . . his first appearance for Manchester City since returning from OVERSEAS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST: ". . . with attempted breaking and entering of a NOISE in . . ."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS: ". . . and they wore greatcoats UNDER their underwear."

RUGBY ADVERTISER: ". . . the bridesmaid a BONNET of bronze chrysanthemums."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH: ". . . was remanded until Tuesday on BOIL by . . ."

EVENING ARGUS: ". . . was GIVEN £1 for driving a motor vehicle without a current driving licence."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "The family is in great need of any help the Fund can give."

That was the decision of a shrewd JOHN BULL investigator after visiting the home of a Kilburn ex-Serviceman. And it was the signal for us to give what help we could in double-quick time.

We believe you would have wished us to do so. For Mr. William Henry Harman was a Dunkirk survivor.

Mark you, he was in the Army long before that. He served in the Royal Dragoons from 1920 to 1927, then re-enlisted when war broke out. He was discharged in April, 1941.

He has six children under the age of fourteen—and his wife is expecting another. Nothing is ready for the new baby; Mrs. Harman has had to sell nearly all her home and some of the bedding, because her husband has been ill for many weeks and the family has been living on £3 1s. a week from the public assistance committee.

Now, we believe you will not only agree with our action in this case, but will help us to help other ex-Servicemen and their families.

Please send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among the deserving cases on our books.

We'll gladly send an acknowledgment and, on request, a copy of the current week's subscriptions. All administrative costs are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,412

J. D. Robertson, 14, Holmhead Place, Glasgow, for this "Bullet":

GOOD ADVICE
LEARN TO "TAKE IT"!

£10: G. B. Sheppard, 4, Branksome Rd., Merton Park, S.W.19.
Look At The Newspaper And—"Hand It" To Tommies!

£5: Mrs. M. A. Duval, 5, Lynway, Lynton. Floating Opportunity—Flitting, Why You're "Flattering."

£4: A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford. Good Plan—For Reconstruction. *One* Plan!

£3: Pte. K. Jenkins, Somewhere-in-Britain. Human Wreck—Discovered Orange-blossom Gin sealed "Time-bomb."

£2: H. Corwen Dale, 122, Harlaxton Drive, Lenton, Nottingham.
Might Be Better—"Ambassador" To Spain Suitability!

BUMPER FIRST PRIZE NEXT WEEK

9 Prizes of £2:
S. Arthur, Berrywood Off-Licence, Marchwood Rd., Millbrook, Hants.
War Of Movement—Even Whitehall's Twiddling Thumbs!
A. Barton, 18, Dundonald St., Preston.
Salt Of The Earth—Seller Who Kicked Assets.
A. J. B. Clarke, "Heton," Lamb St., Upperby, Carlisle.
What Japan Deserves—"Sunset," With Flames Reflecting.
R. B. Lacey, 69, Sunnyside Rd., Chesham, Bucks.
In A Pigeonhole—Landlady Pleased Civil Servant!
W. J. Peck, 85, St. Michael's Rd., Bradford.
At Hitler's Burial—Fiting Party? Just Babes!
A. W. Whitford, 51, Preston St., London, N.1.
At Hitler's Throat—Asantie—Warworks Forget Safeguard!

A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 370 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 19

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order K—A—K—J entered by following 12 competitors, who thus share £75: F. Barnard, Wolverton; M. Bullock, Reading; Mrs. Tilton, Knowle; J. A. Davison, Roker; L. W. Ellis, Godalming; Miss V. Evans, Rhos; L. Cpl. S. Kingsley, Somewhere-in-Britain; R. Hinde, Bedford; F. E. Mayhew, Ilford; Miss G. O. May, Ruislip; J. W. Wandby, Hessle; G. Wheat, Doncaster.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 299 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order after —2nd Runners-up Awards for 299 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

How the Mint makes your money

THE MIRACLE OF PLASTICS — HOW FROCKS ARE MADE FROM VEGETABLES —HOW MAN-MADE DAYLIGHT IS PRODUCED & HUNDREDS OF OTHER MARVELS

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HOW unbreakable glass is made—How fabric is made from milk—How syrup is turned into stockings.

HOW cigarettes are made—How electric light bulbs are charged—How paint is made from cotton.

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HOW plate glass is formed into invisible spectacles.—How brussels are turned into matches.

HOW needles get their eyes—How flannel pegs are kept green.

HOW different sounds are recorded —How false teeth are made.

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Etc., Etc., Etc.

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J.J.3 26/2/44

H.E.P.

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

I consider Phosferine a boon says D.H.

"Phosferine has restored my health to its original sound position, after some terrible months of nervous debility, which ultimately led to a touchy appetite and many sleepless nights. I am very happy now to be able to class those days as "forgotten," thanks again to Phosferine which I consider a boon for nervous complaints—and at such a reasonable cost." (*Signed*) D.H., Hull.

When you feel weak and run down, a dose or two of Phosferine will buck you up. The immediate effect of this really great tonic is a vitalising experience. Ask your chemist for some Phosferine today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)

(*Including Purchase Tax*)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

(*Tablets or Liquid*)

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

TIRED FEET?

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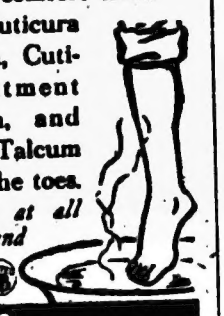

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WHO'S NEXT FOR A BIG 'LAUGH-LINES' CHEQUE? BIG cheques and hundreds of other prizes are being won in *Laugh-Lines* every week. Are you entering yet? Enjoy ten minutes on filling up your coupon and there's no reason why you should not be amongst this week's winners of prizes value over £100.

You have only to give FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on your coupon below, post it not later than Monday, March 6, and that £75 First Prize may soon be yours.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

£75 FIRST PRIZE

1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Silingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

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F. In The Interval—"Goldilocks" Vanquished "Three Bears."
H. Little Ikey—Says "Dadda!" "Mamma!" "Shop!"
J. Going By—Army Tailor Measures Recruit.
K. Pomp and Pageantry—Her Mother Entertains His.

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL | 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 18.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAR. 6.

158

OVER 370 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams' Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 £3-£2 6 of 30/- 1,000

25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar. 17.

BRITANNIA'S PURSE
IN THIS WAR
VICTORY'S PRIZES
PEACEFUL LIFE
OUR LAND
SHOWS HE'S A FIGHTER
FUTURE HOME
GONE FOR EVER
GIVES ME A HEADACHE
NAZI BEAST

BIG "BULLETS" SURPRISE NEXT WEEK

WORN-OUT MACHINERY
SOLDIER'S SON
WHAT THE B.B.C. FORGETS
IRRESISTIBLE
BIT OF IMPUDENCE
SEETHING WITH INDIGNATION
NO JOB
NICE AND EASY
DAD'S UTOPIA
WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

NIGHTMARE FOR .....
SOUNDS LIKE .....
OUR NEW.....
DROPPED ON THE.....
DYING FOR.....
MAN WHO'S NOT.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 18. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, MAR. 6
1,416

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,416—or "Laugh-Lines" 158, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"BASIC" SHAVING in 16 words

WASH YOUR FACE.
LEAVE IT WET.
SPREAD COLGATE BRUSHLESS.
SHAVE LIGHTNING-FAST WITHOUT STING OR BURN.

Don't throw away your shaving brush merely to get a faster shave. Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. There's nothing like it for softening up beards (even with cold water). Nothing to touch it for putting a stop to after-shave sting and burn. A wet face, a film of Colgate Brushless—shave—and be soothed.

1/6 and 2/6 Including Tax

THINK in-STEAD use

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

Borwick's improves Dried Egg Dishes

Prepare the dried eggs according to directions on the packet. Just before cooking, stir in one level teaspoon of Borwick's for every two eggs being cooked.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

This ointment kills germs—it contains 'Dettol'

Skin disorders are often dirty and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal. Dettol Ointment marks a new scientific advance in the treatment of obstinate skin complaints. This new ointment contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which is used in all our great hospitals. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the irritation of painful sores, but sinks deep into the tissue, there to destroy the germs of infection and to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

DETTOL OINTMENT: Healing and Actively Antiseptic

From all Chemists 2/5, large size 5/4, including tax

This national figure is the symbol of all that is best in Tobacco manufacture —Player's Navy Cut.

Player's Please

N.C.T. 515

Beware of constipation

Don't let the worry and anxiety of constipation upset you. Remember the golden rule, take Beecham's Pills whenever necessary and you will then ensure a regular gentle movement of the bowels. In Beecham's Pills you have a perfect laxative—they are purely vegetable, non-habit-forming, unfailingly effective. Men and women everywhere, generation after generation, have trusted them implicitly. Get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

The moment he has dreamed of—the moment of overwhelming attack—is almost here. Then the resources of the whole country must be used to back up the fighting men—the ships and trains and trucks which normally distribute our coal will be used to carry *their* supplies.

That's why we have to eke out the country's existing stocks of coal—they cannot be *replaced at the moment*. That's why we all must play our part by cutting our use of coal, gas and electricity *now*—

We must SAVE FUEL for Battle!

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

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JOHN BULL, week ending M

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